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RAMBLES IN WESTERN CORNWALL BY THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE GIANTS;

WITH NOTES ON THE CELTIC REMAINS OF THE LAND'S END DISTRICT AND THE ISLANDS OF SCILLY.

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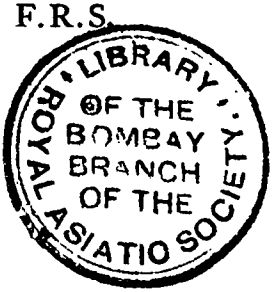

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PREFACE.

I HAD never opened that ſingular and valuable folio volume,—Borlaſe's Antiquities of Cornwall, firſt publiſhed in 1754, and again, with a few additions, in 1769,—without feeling a curioſity and deſire to examine the original monuments therein deſcribed, and to pay a viſit to a land which the uncorniſh reader of that work pictures to himſelf as literally ſtrewn with ſolemn cromlechs and hoary circles, all popularly known as memorials of the giants of old. And when, a few weeks ago, the exigencies of ſummer led us to Penzance, and to the realization of

this wiſh, it occurred to me that it might be worth while, at the ſame time, to give an account of the condition in which the antiquities noticed by Borlaſe now remain. If I did nothing more than identify what are preſerved, and diſcover which of them are deſtroyed, a record of the reſult would, I thought, ſave trouble, and be uſeful to the future inquirer. Under this impreſſion, I dotted down the brief notes collected together in the following pages.

The taſk of identification, excepting in a few inſtances, was, however, no eaſy matter. Borlaſe generally only mentions the pariſh in which a monument was found, not the exact locality; and none of the writers on the ſubject, ſince his time, have ſupplied further information. Some of the antiquities alſo are now known under different titles, ſo that the poſition of only a ſmall proportion of thoſe deſcribed could be aſcertained by reference to any acceſſible ſources of information.

The chief of all that has been attempted is to remove this difficulty from the path of any one who

may deſire to inveſtigate theſe antiquities more fully. But notes on ſeveral of importance hitherto unnoticed are added; new views are ſuggeſted reſpecting the probable uſe of the cliff-caſtles and what have been generally termed Druidical holed ſtones; and, with perhaps equal raſhneſs, an attempt has been made to remove part of a veil beyond which lies hid a curious epiſode in the hiſtory of the laſt traces of the ancient Corniſh language.

The Land's End Diſtrict having been anciently the choſen Land of the Giants, as is aſſerted in our folk-lore, it was a matter of curioſity to trace what now remain of the traditions reſpecting them. Such traditions not unfrequently prove uſeful in literary inveſtigation, and all ſhould be carefully preſerved. Thoſe which are here given have been derived from ſources of unqueſtionable purity, and have not been ſubjected to the cunning hand of the improver or adulterator. Great pains alſo have been taken in every inſtance, where any ſpot has been named after a giant, to aſcertain that the title given is or was the

real provincial appellation. In a few years ſuch inveſtigations will be fruitleſs; for the traditions linger only in the memories of the older people. The reſults of the inquiries now made, if they prove nothing elſe, will ſhow how widely ſpread was the ſtory of the giants amongſt the ancient inhabitants of Weſtern Cornwall.

October 4th, 1861.

THE LAND OF GIANTS.

Child Rowland to the dark tower come,—
The giant roar'd, and out he ran;
His word was ſtill,—Fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a Britiſh man.

King Lear, Act iii. Sc. 4, ed. Capell.

CORINEUS, couſin to Brutus, the firſt conqueror of England, wreſtling at Plymouth with the celebrated giant, Gogmagog, toppled him over the cliff, broke his neck, and received, in reward for that great feat, the county of Cornwall.

This firſt and great trial of Corniſh wreſtling took place upon that beautiful ſpot now termed the Haw, where, for very many centuries afterwards, certainly as long as to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the memory of the conteſt was preſerved by the figures of two men, one large and one ſmall, both with clubs in their hands, cut in the turf, and annually renewed by the citizens of Plymouth. The very ſpot in the cliff where Gogmagog was

thrown over was alſo pointed out, ſo long had the circumſtances connected with ſo important an event been carried down the ſtream of time from memory to memory.

This is the traditional ſtory. Liſten to the true one, as narrated by the moſt truſtworthy of ancient Engliſh chroniclers, Geoffrey of Monmouth :—

" When Brutus firſt arrived in England, on the coaſt of Totneſs, the iſland was then called Albion, and was inhabited by none but a few giants. Notwithſtanding this, the pleaſant ſituation of the country, the numerous rivers abounding with fiſh, and the engaging proſpect of its woods, made Brutus and his company very deſirous of fixing their abode in it. They therefore paſſed through all the provinces, compelled the giants to fly into the caves of the mountains, and divided the country among them, according to the directions of their commanders. After this, they began to till the ground and build houſes, ſo that in a little time the country looked like a place that had been long inhabited.

At laſt Brutus called the iſland, after his own name, Britain, and his companions, Britons; for by theſe means he deſired to perpetuate the memory of his name. Corineus, however, in imitation of his leader, called that part of the iſland, which fell to his ſhare, Corinea, and his people, Corineans, after his own name; and though he had his choice of the provinces before all the reſt, yet he preferred this county, which is now called Cornwall, for it was a diverſion to him to encounter the ſaid giants, which were in greater numbers there than in all the other provinces that fell to the ſhare of his companions.

"Among the reſt was one deteſtable monſter, named Gogmagog, in ſtature twelve cubits, and of ſuch prodigious ſtrength that at one ſhake he pulled up an oak as if it had been a hazel wand. On a certain day, when Brutus was holding a ſolemn feſtival to the gods in the port of Totneſs, this giant, with twenty more of his companions, came in upon the Britons, among whom he made a dreadful

ſlaughter. But the Britons at laſt, aſſembling together in a body, put them to the rout, and killed them every one but Gogmagog, Brutus having given orders to have him preſerved alive, out of a deſire to ſee a combat between him and Corineus, who took a great pleaſure in ſuch encounters. Corineus, overjoyed at this, prepared himſelf, and throwing aſide his arms, challenged him to wreſtle with him. At the beginning of the encounter, Corineus and the giant, ſtanding front to front, held each other ſtrongly in their arms, and panted aloud for breath; but Gogmagog, preſently graſping Corineus with all his might, broke three of his ribs, two on his right ſide and one on his left. At which Corineus, highly enraged, rouſed up his whole ſtrength, and, ſnatching him upon his ſhoulders, ran with him as faſt as the weight would allow him to the next ſhore, and there, getting upon the top of a high rock, hurled down the ſavage monſter into the ſea; where, falling on the ſides of craggy rocks, he was daſhed to pieces, and

coloured the waves with his blood. The place where he fell, taking its name from the giant's fall, is called Lam Gogmagog, that is, Gogmagog's Leap, to this day."

It was many years, however, after this exploit before the giants were finally extirpated. Long after the Britons had ſettled in Cornwall, they were the terror of the country, living in caſtles on hills or cliffs, or in large caves, and ſtealing the cattle of the farmers by wholeſale. One of theſe, named Cormelian, or, as ſome have it, Cormoran, inhabited St. Michael's Mount, where his well, or rather ciſtern, excavated in the rock, is ſtill ſhown as the Giant's Well. This monſter, as the verieſt tyro in Engliſh hiſtory well knows, was killed by a ſtratagem invented by a clever youth who was afterwards diſtinguiſhed as Jack the Giant Killer. The ſame hero alſo deſtroyed, among others, another huge giant, named Thunderbore, who is deſcribed as having "goggle eyes like flames of fire, a countenance grim and ugly, cheeks like a couple of large flitches of

bacon, the briſtles of his beard reſembling rods of iron wire, and locks that hung down upon his brawny ſhoulders like curled ſnakes or hiſſing adders." It was well for the Britons that their great ſtrength and horrible appearance were accompanied by a ſtupidity ſo intenſe, that the moſt primitive ſtratagems were ſucceſsfully reſorted to for their deſtruction, and, excepting probably a few who lingered afterward in the Iſlands of Scilly, the race in Cornwall became extinct after the days of the redoubtable Jack.

Perſecution not unfrequently exerciſes a deleterious influence on character; and ſo it happened in the preſent inſtance. Before the arrival of Brutus, there was hardly a more inoffenſive and amiable ſociety than that of the Corniſh Giants. They very rarely quarrelled, and, when they did, little miſchief generally came of it; for they vented their rage in hurling huge rocks at each other, and they were ſuch ſingularly bad ſhots, not once in a thouſand times did they hit anything that they aimed at. This

inaptitude for judging of diſtances was alſo diſplayed in their favourite game of quoits, which conſiſted in throwing granite boulders, each being ſeveral tons in weight, at a quoit, formed of pillars of ſtone ſurmounted with a large one laid flat on their top, placed in a conſpicuous poſition on the ſummit or brow of a hill. Very rarely indeed did they ſucceed in overturning one, and never until the country for miles round it was ſcattered with their unſucceſsful miſſiles, it being a point of honour with them not to aim at ſhort diſtances. Their food was eaſily obtained, conſiſting chiefly of deer and wild boar; their drink was water, to hold which in ſufficient quantitiest he trunks of hollow trees made excellent cups; raw hides ſerved for their clothing; and they were as happy as flowers in May, chatty and ſociable, ſo amuſing each other with their frolics that the land conſtantly reſounded with laughter ſo boiſterous that fiſſures were made in the cliffs by its vibrations, while ſlightly poiſed rocks on the tops of carns were overturned by the ſame agency. After the arrival

of Corineus all this became changed. Driven from their hunting-fields to the receſſes of their ſtony caverns, or to their caſtles on the rocks, and deprived of their favourite amuſement of quoits, it was no wonder that they ſulked, and ultimately became moroſe and ſavage. Before the time of Brutus, a Corniſh Giant would as ſoon have thought of flying over the moon, as threatening to uſe the bones of a poor ruſtic in the compoſition of his daily bread.

More than three thouſand years have paſſed away ſince the laſt of the Giants, and vaſt have been the changes effected in the face of the country ſince that period; but ſo enduring have been the monuments of that great race, that there are ſtill to be ſeen ſome of their caves, their houſes, their clubs, their tombs, and their chairs, in all their priſtine condition. Some of the quoits that they never ſucceeded in overthrowing are ſtill pointed out by the unerring hand of tradition. The continuous labours of centuries have not yet ſucceeded in removing the miſſiles they uſed in that game, ſome of which were ſo large that

they were obliged to graſp them ſo firmly that their finger-marks yet remain in the ſurface of the ſtones. The footprints that they made in the granite, while ſpringing from rock to rock, are ſtill viſible. Traces of their mighty fortifications on the cliffs are yet to be diſcovered by the minute inveſtigator, and, in ſhort, in nearly every ſpot in the diſtrict not yet traverſed by the plough, memorials of the Giants of Cornwall remain to this day to gratify the curioſity of the viſitor, and to verify the traditional and written hiſtory of that mighty people of old.

To ſee and examine what ſtill remains of theſe memorials of a Titan race, and to make a brief record of them before they finally diſappear, were the chief objects of a little tour in that weſtern diſtrict of Cornwall which, beyond all others, was the favourite abode and the land of the Engliſh Giants.

THE LAND'S END.

In evil hour thou lenſt in hond,
Thus holy hills to blame,
For ſacred unto ſaints they ſtond,
And of them han their name.
St. Michael's Mount who does not know
That wards the weſtern coaſt.

Spenſer.

THE portion of Cornwall generally known as the Land's End Diſtrict conſiſts of that part of the country which lies to the weſt of an imaginary line drawn from the eſtuary of Hayle to Cuddan Point.

This diſtrict is eſpecially intereſting to the antiquary and geologiſt, nor is it by any means devoid of attraction to touriſts who are devoted to the ſtudy of any branch of natural hiſtory. But however fine and ſolemn may be ſome of its coaſt ſcenery, and however romantic an occaſional cove with its heathy ſlopes and biſecting trout-ſtream, the viſitor accuſtomed to the ſight of nature in her grander localities muſt be prepared to expect a land where there is neither mountain nor waterfall, neither ſnow-

topped range nor ſilvery lake. The higheſt altitude attained by any of its hills or rocks is but nine-hundred feet above the level of the ſea, and the entire diſtrict is chiefly a ſucceſſion of hills ſloping down into long vales, the very types of the waves of the Atlantic that daſh againſt its ſhores.

One advantage of all this reſults in the comfortable fact that the diſtrict preſents no difficulties to the walking touriſt, and but few dangers. There are no Alps to climb; no bogs in which one could ſink, if attempted ever ſo much, beyond the knee; and, with the exception of that at Hayle, no river that can neither be jumped over or eaſily forded. But there are land-rats and water-rats, land-fogs and ſea-fogs, and it is as well not to be too near the cliffs when theſe ariſe; and there is yet a more inſidious danger, that of tumbling, when on the moors, into one of the old mining ſhafts, the mouths of ſeveral of which are overgrown with furze, concealed but not protected. Here is a real danger, one which the unſuſpecting touriſt, who ſo often likes to make a

ſhort cut over a moor, cannot too carefully bear in mind while traverſing this part of Cornwall. You will ſmile, dear reader, if I add—adders! The pun was not intentional. If you, like myſelf, have an inſtinctive ſhivering diſlike of them, you may be ſorry to hear that they are common about Penzance, and glad that a bite from one is of the rareſt poſſible occurrence. Slow-worms are nearly as common as blackberries, but theſe we need not mind. Science has made ſome progreſs in theſe matters ſince the days of Titania.

Flying touriſts who enter this weſtern Cornwall at Hayle, ſtop a day at Penzance, ruſh to the Land's End, and fancy, as ſo many do, that then they have "done" Bolerium, muſt carry away not only a vague but an unfair idea of the country, whoſe moſt charming nooks and ſtriking peculiarities are out of the beaten track of excurſion-tickets. Like many other parts of England, Cornwall abſolutely requires time and ſtudy before it can be fully appreciated; and it well deſerves the appropriation of both.

Hayle itſelf is not only one of the moſt unintereſting towns in the county, but at low water it is even of repulſive appearance. Its very air breathes of coal and iron; but one can get out of it into a pure atmoſphere by aſcending the *towans* to the north of the town, which are enormous hillocks of ſand that formerly overwhelmed churches and villages on this coaſt by their rapid accumulation from the ſea. Their further progreſs is now retarded by the extenſive propagation of the common ſea-ruſh, the *arundo arenaria* of Linnæus, or, as ſome have it, *calamagroſtis arenaria*. This ruſh grows rapidly on the ſand, where it mechanically oppoſes all motion on the ſurface. The reſult is that theſe huge ſandy hillocks, inſtead of being nuiſances, are in the proceſs of becoming fine graſſy undulating promenades, the reed favouring the growth of turf. Here may alſo be ſeen the common eringo, which was cultivated on the ſands at Hayle in Elizabeth's time for the ſake of its roots, as recorded by Drayton. From the Hayle Towans, note on the right the Godrevy rocks

and lighthouſe; at low water, the St. Ives' fiſhermen caſting their launce-nets for bait; but only at high water turn your eyes in the direction of Penzance, when the wide expanſe of the eſtuary is then a beautiful lake, rendering pretty the rural village of Lelant with its woods to the water-edge. But above all is from this ſpot the unique proſpect of St. Ives. No one could fancy, as one ſees that town as if it abſolutely glittered in the ſun and ornamented the ſea,—a ſort of minor Engliſh Conſtantinople,—of how ſqualid a character is the maſs of buildings there,—and how an anticipated romance will be diſſipated by a viſit.

A few miles onwards by rail, and we reach Penzance, our head-quarters for a few weeks, and one of the moſt beautiful reſting-places in the weſt of England; its ſituation on the ſlopes of the amphitheatre which bounds the charming Mount's Bay being, in its way, unſurpaſſed. It is, indeed, the only large city, and the ſingle one that offers really good accommodation to the touriſt, in the Land's

End diſtrict. There are a few other places, ſuch as St. Juſt and St. Ives, that may be fairly termed ſmall towns; but, with ſuch-like exceptions, the inhabitants are ſcattered over the country in the ſmalleſt of hamlets. There is ſcarcely a village of decent magnitude in the whole diſtrict, and it is not unuſual to find one, with a good-ſized church, containing not more than a dozen inhabited houſes. But the hamlets, which frequently conſiſt merely of farm-houſes and a few cottages, are numerous, and, eccleſiaſtically ſpeaking, belong to a village containing a church, which village is invariably known as the church-town. You muſt always inquire for ſuch or ſuch a church-town, if you wiſh to find the way to the village of the pariſh itſelf. The name of the pariſh would apply to any portion of it. In the centre of a moor, aſk the way to Gulval, and you may be told you are in it, or at leaſt the inquiry will be made,—"Do you mean Gulval church-town?" Even Penzance itſelf is not, properly ſpeaking, a church-town, its pariſh church

being at Maddern; but its importance has rendered it an exception in local phraſeology.

Little is known of the hiſtory of Penzance. It is mentioned by Leland, in the time of Henry the Eighth, as the moſt weſtern market-town in England, and as having a little pier, but one which afforded no ſhelter to veſſels. In 1595, it was deſtroyed by the Spaniards, who made a piratical deſcent on this coaſt in the July of that year; but it ſoon roſe again from its aſhes, and a charter of incorporation was granted to it in May, 1614. Nothing worthy of note after this appears to have occurred until the year 1646, when ſome of the inhabitants are ſaid to have been plundered by the Parliamentary forces; and in 1648, the Penzancians, always loyal, roſe with the vain hope of aſſiſting to reſtore the fortunes of Charles the Second; but a few of the Parliamentary companies ſoon made ſhort work in ſuppreſſing the outbreak, and the triumphant party is thus deſcribed when paſſing through Penryn:—"The victors paſſed through the

town in a triumphant manner; firſt, three ſoldiers bearing upon the points of three ſwords, carried upright, three ſilver balls uſed in hurling; then followed other three ſoldiers marching very gravely in aldermen's gowns; the ſoldiers marching after with plundered ribbons and favours in their hats, ever and anon ſhooting off guns, ſeconded by a general ſhout and hallooing; then followed about forty priſoners, and, after them, certain horſes laden with pillage, as feather-beds, houſehold ſtuff, &c." The town itſelf, however, was not materially damaged during the period of the civil wars.

In the time of Charles the Second, Penzance ſeems to have partaken more of the character of what Newlyn is now, a fiſhing town. Ray, in his Journal of July, 1662, notes:—"At Penzance we ſaw the houſes in which they lay, and the manner in which they preſs, their fiſh, eſpecially pilchards. They pile them up on a bed of a great length and breadth, to wit, as long and broad as the houſe, made for that purpoſe, will permit, and breaſt high.

Then, in the wall behind, they have an hole, into which they thruſt a rafter or poſt of timber, which reacheth croſs the bed of fiſh, and on the other end of it hang one or two more great ſtones, of which they have many lying there, with a great hook of iron faſtened in them for that purpoſe. Of theſe holes and rafters they have many all along the bed, which preſs down the boards wherewith I conceive the bed of fiſh is covered, and ſo preſs the fiſh equally. Underneath the bed they have a gutter to receive and convey the oil which comes from the fiſh into a veſſel made on purpoſe, in the ground at one end of the houſe. They have a pretty key made with a pier of ſtones."

There are very few traces now to be diſcovered of the old town, there being ſcarcely any buildings but what are either quite modern, or that have been altered and modernized. The moſt ancient one I have obſerved was ſituated at the corner of the Green Market and the Cauſeway Head, parts of it having belonged to the ſixteenth century; but there

was no intereſt attached to it, and the fragments of its antiquity conſiſted merely of a granite corbel and faint traces of old ſtone-work on the Cauſeway ſide. On the ſide towards the Green Market rooms ſupported by pillars overhung the pavement. This ancient ſtructure, acknowledged to have been the oldeſt houſe in Penzance, was deſtroyed during our viſit. • When we arrived, the ſign of a *ſingle* ball of about a foot in diameter was ſuſpended over the door. Perhaps the old name of the houſe was the Globe; but it was a pawnbroker's ſhop, and the ball may have ſerved for a ſignal of that trade. During the proceſs of deſtruction I meaſured the eaſtern walls, and found them five feet in thickneſs. Cloſe to this houſe, according to tradition, was ſituated the town pillory. Here was certainly a plain ſtone croſs, the upper portion of which, let into the ſtreet pavement, is ſtill to be ſeen.

The oldeſt houſes now exiſting in Penzance are probably ſome ſmall ones oppoſite the harbour, the moſt notable of which is the Dolphin Tavern, with

projecting windows on the ſecond floor, overhanging a ſtone parapet walk level with the firſt floor, approached at each end by flights of ſtone ſteps.

The tide of improvement has, indeed, ſo reſolutely ſet in during the laſt eighty years, there are ſcarcely any indications remaining to ſhow what Penzance was in the days of our grandfathers; but Dr. Davy has furniſhed us with a graphic deſcription of this part of the country, as it exiſted about the year 1780. "Cornwall," he obſerves, "was then without great roads. Thoſe which traverſed the country were rather bridle-paths than carriage-roads; carriages were almoſt unknown, and even carts were very little uſed. I have heard my mother relate that when ſhe was a girl there was only one cart in the town of Penzance, and if a carriage occaſionally appeared in the ſtreets, it attracted univerſal attention. Packhorſes were then in general uſe for conveying merchandize, and the prevailing manner of travelling was on horſeback. At that period, the luxuries of furniture and living, now enjoyed

by people of the middle claſs, were confined almoſt entirely to the great and wealthy, and, in Penzance, where the population was about two thouſand perſons, there was only one carpet; the floors of rooms were ſprinkled over with ſea-ſand, and there was not a ſingle ſilver fork. The only newſpaper which then circulated in the weſt of England was the Sherbourne Mercury, and it was carried through the country, not by the poſt, but by a man on horſeback ſpecially employed in diſtributing it." In the year 1761, the turnpike road only reached as far as Falmouth. At that period, the Land's End diſtrict muſt have been a ſort of unknown land. It now bids fair, through the agencies of ſteam and excurſion-trains, to become as well known to the public of our large towns as Margate or Ramſgate.

The ſtranger will look in vain for any memorial of the philoſopher whoſe birth at Penzance has immortalized the town. The houſe in which he was born has been modernized; that in which he chiefly reſided, and where ſome of his firſt experiments

were made, has been pulled down; and the Star Inn poſſeſſes no longer the balcony in which he either enchained his youthful companions by the recitation of marvellous ſtories, or frightened them with ſhowers of liquid fire. But the old balcony has ſhared the fate of the penthouſes, and of the other ſimilar relics of the olden time that once, and not ſo many years ago, characterized the town:—

> Of porticoes, that uſed to meet
> More than midway in the ſtreet,
> Forcing horſemen, gigs, and chaiſes
> To whirl through crinkum-crankum mazes;
> Or heavy penthouſes, which frowned
> A ſhadowy horror on the ground,
> No trace remains; but all are bare
> And ſmooth as cheek of lady fair.

There are few provincial towns of the ſame ſize that now excel Penzance in its conveniences for the purſuits of literature and ſcience. The Public Library contains a collection of valuable books, ſeveral thouſand in number, including a large proportion of ſtandard works and important books of reference.

A ſtranger, properly introduced, can be admitted to the library for three months, with the privilege of borrowing two volumes at a time, on the payment of half-a-guinea. The librarian, Mr. Francis, is in daily attendance, and his anxiety to ſupply the wants of the reader adds to the comfort of one of the beſt arranged ſmall libraries in England. Under the ſame roof is the Inſtitute News Room, where all the leading newſpapers are taken in, and to which ſtrangers are admitted for the ſmall ſum of half-a-crown for the quarter of a year. Then again in the North Parade is the rich Muſeum of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall; and in the dome of the Market-houſe is the more miſcellaneous collection of the Natural Hiſtory Society, including ſpecimens of nearly everything, from a helmet found at Sebaſtopol to an ancient Britiſh urn. If a perſon has a taſte for anything ſave eating and drinking, in one or other of theſe muſeums ſomething will be found of intereſt.

The moſt ancient relic at Penzance is a monu-

mental croſs, the deſign of which is the ſame on both ſides, and at the bottom, now concealed, is the inſcription,—"Hic procumbunt corpora piorum." This is perhaps a monument of the ſixth century, and, at all events, is of high antiquity. It has been for years placed againſt the wall of the old houſe at the corner of the Cauſeway Head, recently pulled down; but it is ſaid that the Corporation intend to remove it into a more conſpicuous poſition near the Town Hall. It certainly merits preſervation in a town otherwiſe deficient of any remnants of great antiquity, excepting, as we ſhould mention, another old croſs far leſs intereſting, and in a mutilated condition, to be ſeen in the churchyard of St. Mary's, probably the ſole relic now exiſting of the mediæval chapel formerly on its ſite.

A tradition obtains in Penzance that it was here that Sir Walter Raleigh ſmoked his firſt pipe of tobacco in England after his return from America. The naſty habit is ſtill much in vogue amongſt the Penzancians, if that be any evidence of the accuracy of the tradition.

Here is another little tradition.—At the eaſtern end of the Eſplanade a ſmall range of rocks juts out into the ſea, the Town Battery being erected on the end next the land. Near the other end, in a receſs in the rocks a little below high-water mark, is a ſmall natural baſon of water about three feet deep known as the Barber's Pool, ſo called, it is ſaid, after a barber who, ſome time in the laſt century, tied a large ſtone round his neck, and deliberately drowned himſelf at that ſpot.

The rocks which are ſeen at low water a little beyond the weſtern extremity of the Eſplanade were about ſeventy years ago the locality of the ſhaft of the Wherry Mine, one of the moſt ſingular undertakings of the kind ever recorded. "Imagine," ſays Dr. Maton, "the deſcent into a mine through the ſea; the miners working at the depth of ſeventeen fathoms only below the waves; the rod of a ſteam-engine, extending from the ſhore to the ſhaft, a diſtance of nearly a hundred and twenty fathoms, and a number of men momentarily menaced with an

inundation of the ſea, which continually drains, in no ſmall quantity, through the roof of the mine, and roars loud enough to be diſtinctly heard in it. The deſcent is by means of a rope tied round the thighs, and you are let down in a manner exactly the ſame as a bucket is into a well; a well indeed it is, for the water is more than knee-deep in many parts of the mine. The upper part of the ſhaft reſembles an immenſe iron chimney, elevated about twelve feet above the level of the ſea, and a narrow platform leads to it from the beach. Cloſe to this is the engine ſhaft, through which the water is brought up from below. Tin is the principal produce of the Wherry Mine." No traces of the works now remain, but the houſes in the locality are known as the Wherry Town.

The working of this mine, as might be expected, was attended with peculiar dangers. Britton relates that on one occaſion, " when the tide was rolling its ſwelling waves into the bay, and many of the breakers were daſhing over the mouth of the ſhaft,

an old man was eagerly employed in loading the kibble with a large maſs of ore; and, although the other workmen had left the mine, he perſiſted in ſending up this load before he deſerted his ſtation. The maſs being rather larger than uſual, became entangled in the mouth of the ſhaft, and was therefore ſuſpended for ſome time; whilſt the ſea continued to riſe higher, and every ſucceſſive wave left ſome of its waters in the mine. To eſcape ſeemed utterly impoſſible, and the next wave threatened inſtant death; but a fellow labourer deſcended by the rope, broke off parts of the ore, and the kibble, being ſet at liberty, was ſoon brought to the top. Another was then let down, and the poor old miner, getting into it, was happily reſcued from a watery grave." But ſuch an accident could only have happened, I preſume, on the occaſion of a ſtorm, or an unuſual height of the tide.

We arrived at Penzance too late in the ſummer to witneſs the annual celebration of the Eve of St. John; but the cuſtom is ſo very curious, that I

cannot refiſt tranſcribing the following account of it from Mr. Rowe's excellent local guide-book:—

"Pandemonium then ſeems to have broken looſe on Penzance and its neighbourhood. As ſoon as the evening begins to gather in, the youths from the different parts of the town parade the ſtreets with burning torches, which they ſwing around their heads with a peculiar motion. Some of theſe are of conſiderable weight, and they require much exertion and no ſmall ſkill to keep them from approaching too near the body of the bearer. Thus twiſting and wriggling along, with the fitful blaze of the torch reflecting on his or her features (for both ſexes mingle in the ſport) and you have, without much ſtretch of the imagination, a ſtrong reſemblance of one of the furies. With the increaſe of darkneſs there is alſo an increaſe in the number of torchbearers; tar barrels and bonfires then blaze in every direction; and, as not only Penzance, but alſo Marazion, and St. Michael's Mount on the one hand, and Newlyn, Mouſehole, and Paul, on the other, participate in

the amuſement, the whole bay ſeems to be lit up, and preſents a moſt ſplendid and brilliant illumination. Meanwhile the central part of the town is filled with all claſſes of individuals who come out to enjoy the ſcene. Fire-works of every deſcription are ſet off without intermiſſion, and a continued ſeries of flight and chaſe continues for ſome hours; it being a principal part of the ſport to ſteal as quietly as poſſible amongſt a crowd, and diſperſe them by the unexpected report of a cracker, or the hiſſing fire of a ſerpent. The ſcene is often extremely ludicrous, and although accidents have ſometimes happened, yet as all who appear in the ſtreets are dreſſed ſuitably to, and prepared for, the occaſion, it ſeldom occurs that any are ſeriouſly hurt, or that quarrels take place; indeed the manner of conducting the affair is ſo well known, that ill humour dares not to ſhow itſelf. About eleven o'clock, the ſpirits of the greater number of thoſe engaged in the ſports begin to flag, the fires are alſo nearly burnt out, and then commences another part, prin-

cipally enacted by the lads and laſſes living in the vicinity of the quay. Theſe form a line, and running through the ſtreets, call out, 'An eye! an eye! an eye!' and proceed to thread the needle. For the information of the uninitiated, we will in a few words deſcribe this finiſh of the evening's amuſement. The line is formed without any regard to the number engaged, excepting to keep in mind the old proverb of 'the more, the merrier.' The two individuals at the upper end then hold high their hands, and the whole of the party, beginning with the oppoſite extremity, ruſh quickly through; this, of courſe, reverſes their poſition, and it is now the turn of thoſe who at firſt held up their hands to be the leaders of the thread. Thus alternating, ruſh after ruſh takes place with ſhouts and laughter, until wearineſs compels them to deſiſt. Home is now the word, and ſoon after midnight all is ſo quiet that a ſtranger entering Penzance could never imagine it to have been the ſcene of thoſe noiſy revellings, which an hour before it had exhibited.

The Quay, or Midſummer Fair, takes place on the following day. This is held on the pier, and is very little different from other pleaſure fairs, excepting a cuſtom of having a ſhort trip in a boat, which is called having a 'pen'orth of ſea.' This excurſion is, however, moſtly taken by the country folks, who in fine weather attend this fair in great numbers."

This cuſtom is conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient idolatry, the worſhip of the ſun, the ſummer ſolſtice having been celebrated by the lighting of fires. As Chriſtianity progreſſed, it became typical of John the Baptiſt, a "burning and a ſhining light" ſent forth to prepare the way of the true Light, which, like the ſun, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

In their food, as well as in their amuſements, the weſtern Corniſh have much which is a peculiarity to natives of other counties, and at prices that may elicit aſtoniſhment from a Londoner. The market ſupplies a Land's End pollack, a fiſh as large as a cod, for a ſhilling, and fairly good eating. Large breams

realize three-pence each. A baſs two feet long, fifteen-pence. You ſee dozens of conger eels, ſome as large as boa-conſtrictors, and looking quite as forbidding. Marinated fiſh are announced at the ſhops. Mackerel are twopence a-piece. Some of the poor complain that, whereas formerly they could buy this fiſh at ninepence a-dozen, and ſalt them down for winter conſumption, the price now, owing to the facility of tranſit afforded by the railways, puts it out of their power to do ſo. Although no doubt the large extra ſum thus put into the pockets of the fiſhermen muſt indirectly benefit all claſſes in the diſtrict, ſuch changes always tell hard at the firſt on the conſumer.

Pilchards and hakes are the moſt common ſummer and autumn fiſh at Penzance, being caught in immenſe numbers both there and at St. Ives. The viſitor will not have arrived long before he will hear the loud and familiar cries,—"Any freſh pilchards wanted to-day, my dear?"—"Any freſh yeake wanted this morning, my dear?" uttered by

the Newlyn fiſherwomen, who, with marvelloufly apparent eaſe, carry immenſe wicker-baſkets of fiſh on their back ſupported by a band or thong paſſed round the forehead. Theſe baſkets, called cowels, are of a rectangular form, and hold a great weight of fiſh. After a good catch, the ſtreets are inundated with cowel-carriers, all of whom are women, the men, without a bluſh, clubbing together and carrying their loads in a cart. A hake a yard long will ſell for a ſhilling; ſmaller ones as low as fivepence. Pilchards are ſold retail at ſeven for twopence, more than double the price they realized ſome fifty years ago, when a penny a-dozen was the regular value.

The beaver-hat, the ancient garb of the Newlyn fiſherwomen, ſeems to have entirely diſappeared, although mentioned by recent writers as occaſionally ſeen of late years. Thoſe at the Penzance market are generally old women, intelligent, civil, but uncommonly good hands at driving a bargain in the rarer kinds of fiſh. The modern viſitor will be diſappointed if he attends the market in the hope of

beholding them as deſcribed by Dr. Paris in 1824,—"whoſe fine ſymmetry, delicate complexions, curling ringlets, and the brilliancy of whoſe jet black eyes, as they dart their rays from beneath the ſhade of large gipſy hats of beaver, fill the traveller with admiration." It is, however, to be obſerved that, while a very beautiful woman is a great rarity in weſtern Cornwall, an ugly one is of an equally unuſual occurrence. There is hardly a girl to be met with, in however humble a guiſe, who has not a pleaſing countenance, an air of innocence, good humour and intelligence lighting up an almoſt univerſal type of face diſtinguiſhed by its roundneſs of form and pallid delicacy of colour.

Penzance, and in fact all Cornwall, is famous for its pies. One of the oddeſt is the ſtar-gazing pie, which is one made of pilchards, the heads of the fiſh appearing in relief over the cruſt. Then there is muggety-pie, compoſed of ſheep's entrails, parſley and cream, ſeaſoned with pepper and ſalt. Duck-pie ſhould be made of ducks unfit to be roaſted.

At leaſt, it ſpoils thoſe that are ſuited to the ſpit. Corniſh paſties are very popular with the working-claſſes in this neighbourhood, and have lately been ſucceſsfully introduced into ſome parts of Devonſhire. They are made of ſmall pieces of beef, and thin ſlices of potatoe, highly peppered, and encloſed in wrappers of paſte. Theſe paſties are eatable when quite hot, but deteſtable otherwiſe, excepting to thoſe who like cold potatoe. They are cheap, and, like Sam Weller's muffins, "werry filling at the price." Conger-pie, compoſed of ſlices of the conger eel, is conſidered "main good" eating, and is a favourite diſh with many of the native inhabitants. The conger is deluged with milk and parſley, and, if eaten at all, the pie ſhould be hot, and the fiſh uſed not of too large a ſize. I am told that as many as two or three hundred varieties of pies could be enumerated. In fact, ſo univerſal are the contents of Corniſh paſties, a local proverb ſtates that the devil will not venture to come into Cornwall, for if the inhabitants caught him, they would be ſure to

put him into a pie. In alluſion to this ſaying, an epigram, more witty than polite, was made on the attorneys of the county, who, in a ſeaſon of ſcarcity of corn, reſolved at Quarter Seſſions to abſtain from paſtry :—

> If the proverb be true, that the fame of our pies
> Prevents us from falling to Satan a prey,
> It is clear that his friends, the attorneys, are wiſe,
> In moving ſuch obſtacles out of the way.

A ſtory is told by Warner of a cockney traveller, who, having a mind to ſee the world,—a journey to Cornwall was ſomething in thoſe days even in the way of travelling,—ſtrayed down as far as St. Ives in his tour. He entered a public-houſe there in the evening, and called for ſupper. "Have you any beef for a ſteak?"

"No," was the oracular anſwer.

"Any veal for a cutlet?"

"No!"

"Any mutton for a chop?"

"No!"

"What! no meat!"

"No, an pleaſe your honour, except a nice lammy-pie, which was baked to-day."

The traveller, ravenous as the grave, licked his lips at the proſpect of ſo nice a thing as a cold lamb-pie, and ordered it up. With hunger for a ſauce, he had never reliſhed a meal more heartily. But he paid a heavy penalty in dreams, the occaſion of which, however, was a myſtery to him until after the next morning's breakfaſt.

"Well, ſir," ſaid the oſtler, ſeeing he was a ſtranger, "how did you like miſtreſs's lammy-pie laſt night?"

"Excellent," replied he, "it was the beſt lamb I ever taſted."

"Lord love ye," returned John, "it was not *that;* lammy-pie is not made of lamb."

"Why, what the devil was it then?" inquired the perplexed traveller.

"Why, our poor kiddy, to be ſure," rejoined the other, "who died yeſterday of the ſhab."

The ſeelings of the poor cockney may, as the newſpapers ſay, be better imagined than deſcribed. The ſhab, to ſave a reference to a dictionary, in caſe a term not in general uſe may not be underſtood, is a wretched cutaneous diſorder to which kids are liable. An old proverb ſays that he was a bold man who first ate an oyſter. He will have ſtill more courage, who, warned by this relation, eats a lamb-pie in Cornwall.

Another variety in food obtains in buns and cakes, which are coloured with ſaffron to ſave the expenſe of eggs,—a good old Engliſh cuſtom. The very idea of ſaffron in connection with paſtry puts one in mind of Shakeſpearian and Elizabethan life. You are hardly recommended to try a fried whiſtler more than once; but, although ſpurned by all claſſes here, one can eat worſe food at the commencement of dinner, and there is ſomething quite romantic and fairy-like in the bright ſea-green colour of its bones. If you are fond of tripe, ſtop at a row of what look like watch-boxes outſide the market-houſe, but

which are in reality ſhelters for tripewomen, who here ſell their ſkewered rolls, and appear to drive a good trade with them. By all means, if you are at Penzance in the autumn, buy a gooſe, but ſuggeſt to your cook the adviſability of looking inſide before it is put on the ſpit, for there will be found the bird's head and feet, as well as thoſe portions of it which are elſewhere called giblets. An explanation of this arrangement may be found in the cuſtom which obtains here of ſelling geeſe by the pound. It is difficult to expreſs in words how ſtrongly we were recommended to taſte apple and blackberry tart, which, "with two penn'orth of cream," was pronounced delicious, "apples and blackberries do mix ſo well together." Blackberries are in Cornwall an article of commerce, and, in a plentiful ſeaſon, are ſold like other fruit in the market, and generally at a penny or three-halfpence a quart. Another incongruous mixture is that of fiſh and apple, of courſe made up into a pie. Then there is the leek and pork pie, ſmothered with clouted

cream; and, in the exuberance of Corniſh hoſpitality, the uſe of the daſh-an-darras, the ſtirrup-glaſs, is ſaid not to be quite obſolete. And ſo one might go on with a ſimilar enumeration for a dozen or twenty pages; but, after all, amongſt all the varieties of Corniſh eatables, commend us to the freſhly-caught pilchard, a trout worthy of the ſea, and ſpurned by none but thoſe who cannot fancy that anything ſo very cheap can alſo prove ſo great a delicacy.

Amongſt other Corniſh peculiarities, note their hedges, which are in reality merely turf-banks, often two or three feet in width at the ſummit, ſo that one can ſometimes walk a long diſtance on the very tops of hedges. In harveſt-time, obſerve the corn raiſed in the field in large cones, with the ſtraw end outſide, and a ſtraw cap at the top,—a plan that protects the corn from the effects of rain. When the reapers cut the laſt handful, they ſhout and wave their hands, a cuſtom which goes by the name of "cutting the neck." In a ſimilar conical form is col-

lected the turf on the moors when cut for winter fuel. Note alſo in the fields the continual occurrence of mounds of earth, uſually planted with cabbages, which mounds are collections of the refuſe of the fields, the cabbages planted on them aſſiſting its decompoſition. A future generation muſt be careful not to miſtake them for ſpecimens of Britiſh barrows. They muſt alſo be on their guard if they chance to diſcover rectangular huts, formed of, and roofed with, almoſt impoſſible ſlabs of granite, for ſuch may have the appearance, when moſs-grown with age, of Titanic works of remote antiquity; but now, alas, they are only pigſties! My guide roared at me one day when I inſiſted upon ſtopping to examine a row of large upright ſtones, that looked ſo very Druidical at a ſhort diſtance off, but which were really the ſupporters of one ſide of the roof of a cattle-ſhed, theſe ſtones being the only portions of the building now preſerved. In Cornwall every brook, no matter how narrow, is dignified by the title of river. "We

muſt go down the common there, and acroſs the river," ſaid our guide, when we were paſſing over Tredennack moors in the direction of Boſphrennis. This river turned out to be a ſtream of water one foot and a-half in width. The Pons-an-dane river, which flows through Gulval, and is one of the largeſt in the diſtrict, I have jumped over many a time, and no feat either. Laſt, but not leaſt, amongſt theſe characteriſtics, are the Corniſh ſtyles, ſlabs of granite placed level with the ground, parallel with each other, and with interſtices about a foot in width, (a contrivance that effectually prevents the eſcape of cattle,) while they are the eaſieſt of all for the pedeſtrian to paſs over.

We feel that we are in a new and ſtrange country when, looking up to ſee the name of a ſtreet that every one enters before he is many hours old in Penzance, we obſerve the odd title of Marketjew; the road, in fact, which leads in the direction of the town ſpoken of by Leland under the name of Marhaſdeythyou, but which was long known as

Marketjew, and commonly believed to have been the reſort of the Jews in the middle ages. After leaving this ſtreet, and gaining the eaſtern entrance of the town, the hill on the left-hand ſide is noted as having once had on its ſummit that "notable treble intrenchment of earth called Leſcaddock Caſtle, that name referring to Cadock, earl of Cornwall, whoſe broad camp or caſtle of war it was, as tradition ſaith." Some write the name, Leſcudjack, and others, Leſgud-zhek; the latter explained by Borlaſe as the "Caſtle of the Bloody Field." The provincial name of it was "The Giant's Rounds." The only portion of this fortification now remaining is a large raiſed circular mound, encloſing ſeveral fields. This mound is nearly perfect, and there is a pathway outſide it which was probably the ſite of the original intrenchment. There are two rivulets paſſed near this, the firſt ſpoilt by mining works, the next a pretty ſparkling trout-ſtream, which turns, a little way up, the wheels of Velen Hogen, the Loaf Mill. The latter is called the Pons-an-

dane river. We now enter the Eaſtern or Marazion Green, and are fairly on the way to Marketjew.

Mr. Maccullock of Guernſey relates a curious anecdote of a circumſtance that occurred to his father, while ſhooting at a raven on Marazion Green, about the year 1770. An old man on the ſpot, obſerving the bird that was aimed at, ſeverely rebuked the ſportſman, telling him that he ought on no account to have ſhot at a raven, for that King Arthur was ſtill alive in the form of that bird. This ſeems to be a curious relic of the Druidic belief in the tranſmigration of ſouls.

"On the beach near Penzance," obſerves Ray, in 1662, "we ſaw growing many rare plants, to wit, *gnaphalium marinum* in plenty, a kind of ſea peaſe, *ſpecies tithymali*, which runs cloſe to the ground, the ſtalks of it red and round, the leaf green above, having only one middle rib or fibre viſible, which is red underneath; the figure of it is oblong; but in thoſe leaves, among the ſeed, it miſſes one corner, as if a ſnip were cut off from it."

The beach between the weſtern extremity of Penzance and Marazion is the fineſt in the locality, conſiſting at low water of a large expanſe of remarkably firm ſand with a narrow background of ſhingle, above which is the ſward, Marazion Green. The ſands, although ſo hard, are not dry; but, for thoſe who do not care for a little wet, they form a pleaſant walk, which can be continued almoſt into the town of Marazion. Poor Warner, who viſited this part of the country in the year 1808, was hoaxed by ſome one who informed him that there were dangerous quickſands here. Two foreigners, he was told, "had engaged a guide to conduct them over theſe deceitful ſands on foot. The man preceded them with a pole, in order to try the ſolidity and conſiſtence of the ſand before they trod upon it, for the quicks, as they are called, are ſo continually ſhifting their ſituation, as to defy all the reſults of experience to ſettle their locality. The poor fellow proceeded with his uſual caution, but not with his accuſtomed good fortune; for while he was ſtooping forward

with his pole, to determine the ſafety of his courſe, the ſands ſuddenly ſank under his feet, and in one moment ſwallowed him up before the eyes of his aſtoniſhed and terrified companions." The ſands are now ſtrangely altered, for they bear not only men and women in ſafety, but carts and waggons.

The name Marketjew has nothing to do with the Hebrew race. It merely means, "the market on the ridge of the hill." Nevertheleſs, tradition inſiſts upon it that the Jews were anciently intimately connected with Cornwall. So the title of Jews' Houſe is given by the country people to an old ſmelting houſe,—a narrow ſhallow pit with a ſmall quantity of charcoal aſhes at the bottom, and frequently pieces of ſmelted tin, the laſt being called Jews' Bowls. "The Corniſh," ſays Carew, 1602, "maintain theſe works to have been very ancient, and firſt wrought by the Jews with pickaxes of holm, box, and hartſhorn; they prove this by the name of thoſe places yet enduring, to wit, Attall Sazarin, in Engliſh the Jews' Offcaſt." Marketjew itſelf is a ſmall uninter-

eſting town, but pleaſantly ſituated, chiefly conſiſting of one long ſtreet of houſes built on the brow of the hills that face the Mount. Leland terms it "a great long town,"—a deſcription that ſtill applies to it. The more modern name of it, Marazion, more correctly written Marhazian, means "the market by the ſea-ſide," and has no reference to the Zion of Jeruſalem.

In the ſixteenth and ſeventeenth centuries, Marazion diſputed the precedency with Penzance; and it is only at a comparatively recent period that the latter has riſen to ſo great a pre-eminence above what were then its colleagues in ſize and trade,—Marketjew, Newlyn, and Mouſehole. All four places were formerly, in fact, merely ſmall fiſhing-towns. But Penzance had an earneſt and an able advocate, even in early times, in the perſon of Thomas Freeman, who, in a poem that appeared in the year 1614, under the odd title of "Rubbe and a Great Caſt, and Runne and a Great Caſt, the Second Bowle, in two hundred Epigrams," writes thus *in laudem*

Penſanciæ, in oppoſition to the preſumed claims of the ſuperiority of Marazion,—

Whatever Marketjew pretends,
Upon ſome muſty old record,
For nobleſt hearts and trueſt friends
Penzance ſhall ever have my word;
No little town of like account,
On this ſide nor beyond the Mount.

In going from Marazion to the Mount, we paſs on the ſhore near the former a large inſulated rock, known by the name of the Chapel Rock, whereon, obſerves Dr. Paris, "the pilgrims who came to viſit the Priory of St. Michael are ſaid to have performed certain devotionary and ſuperſtitious ceremonies, in a kind of initiatory chapel previous to their admiſſion to the more ſacred Mount. There is not, however, the ſlighteſt veſtige of any maſonry to be diſcovered, and it would therefore ſeem more probable that it merely derived its name from its vicinity to the ſhrine of St. Michael. The rock is compoſed of well marked greenſtone reſting on a bed of clay ſlate,

and which, in its direction and dip, will be found to correſpond with the ſlaty rock on the weſtern baſe of the Mount." It is, nevertheleſs, moſt probable that there was a chapel on this rock, for Leland, deſcribing Marazion, ſays, "in Marhaſdeythyow ys but a poore chapel yn the mydde of the poore town, and a lytle chapel yn the ſand nere by the towne toward the Mount." There can be little doubt but that the latter was ſituated on the Chapel Rock. To the weſtward of theſe are ſome rocks in the ſea, which bear the name of the Auguſt Rocks, from the month, it is ſaid, in which the Jews reſorted to this coaſt, and held their yearly market, which is ſuppoſed to have been kept on the land oppoſite to them.

St. Michael's Mount is one of the many localities to which "diſtance lends enchantment to the view." Obſerved from a diſtance, from any of the numerous points in the mainland from which it can be ſeen repoſing in its ocean bed, the firſt view of the Mount is an incident in a life to be remembered,—

its grey rocks, ſurmounted by a monaſtic-looking ſtructure, harmonizing ſo admirably with them, the whole riſing in relief over the blueſt of Engliſh ſeas, aſſiſting to form in the ſun-light a ſcene of ſurpaſſing beauty. It is a type of England itſelf, "a beauteous gem ſet in the ſilver ſea." Much of this effect is loſt on a near approach. The ſmall, half graſſy, half rocky, iſland is diſtinguiſhed by huge, fantaſtically-formed, pieces of granite, in poſitions equally fantaſtic; but the edifice on the ſummit, which appears ſo pictureſque at a diſtance, ſeems on a nearer approach to be but a half-patched and bad imitation of the antique, the really ancient portions of the exterior being completely ſpoiled by recent additions. The little village at the baſe of the Mount contains more ancient houſes, in ſome degree modernized, but ſtill poſſeſſing the main characteriſtics of antiquity, than I have obſerved elſewhere in the neighbourhood. They are chiefly cottages of two ſtories, with gabled windows in the roof. One ſmall cottage, with a projecting window

and an ancient penthouſe, is almoſt a duplicate of the little butcher's ſhop at Stratford-on-Avon, the portion of old John Shakeſpeare's houſe in which our great dramatiſt firſt ſaw the light.

"A little without the caſtle," obſerves Carew, "there is a bad ſeat in a craggy place, called St. Michael's Chair, ſomewhat dangerous for acceſs, and therefore holy for the adventure." This name is now transferred to a ſeat on the battlements of the tower, ſaid to be the remains of a ſtone lantern. To ſeat oneſelf in this chair is a means of obtaining the rule in a matrimonial career. It has thus no charms for thoſe ſenſible couples who appreciate the advantages of a divided ſway.

Celts are occaſionally found in this part of Cornwall. They are called by the people thunderbolts, being believed to be faſhioned by the ſhock of the thunder, and precipitated from the clouds. It is alſo thought that they ſhow the changes in the weather by variations in their colour. A large number of celts were diſcovered at Lelant in the year 1802,

and about the ſame period a quantity of them were found near Marazion. "There was found of late yeres ſyns ſpere heddes, axis for warre, and ſwerdes of coper, wrappid up in lynin ſcant periſhid, nere the Mount in S. Hilaries paroch in tynne works," writes Leland, temp. Henry VIII. Theſe ſpear-heads were poſſibly celts.

Gulvall, the neareſt village to Penzance on the Marazion ſide, is within a ſhort walk. It is a pretty ſituated rural village; and at a ſhort diſtance from it is a ſmall but fine pile of rocks, called Gulvall Carn, diſtinguiſhed by the beautiful view of Mount's Bay obtained from it, and alſo as having been a favourite place of reſort with Sir Humphry Davy. It is a pretty walk hence through country lanes to Bleu Bridge, which ſpans the graceful little ſtreamlet that falls into the ſea at the entrance of Marazion Green, and which has obtained a kind of hiſtorical celebrity from its having at one end of it an ancient inſcribed ſtone, a ſepulchral monument, bearing the words, *Quenatavus Icdinui filius*, who

was no doubt one of the Celtic population of Cornwall during the Roman ſway of England. Lhuyd thinks that the Celtic name would have been Kynadhav ap Ichdinow. In Borlaſe's time, this ſtone was lying acroſs the brook, and was uſed as a foot-bridge; but it is now very properly raiſed into an erect poſition. The locality is called Barlowena Bottom.

Gulvall church has been lately reſtored. It is a neat ſtructure, emboſomed amidſt trees on the brow of a hill, but has little to intereſt the ſtranger. In a corner of the churchyard is a dilapidated ancient croſs. Note alſo in this village a rather quaint old low thatched building, the Old Inn. Two miles further on, along a country walk revealing fine views of the Bay and the Mount, is Ludgvan, pronounced *Lidjin*, in the church of which, under a flat ſtone in the chancel, lies Borlaſe, the eminent antiquary, who was rector of that village. Parts of the rectory, a large, old, rambling houſe, are in the ſame ſtate as when it was occupied by him.

St. Ludgvan, the founder of this church, introduced a ſtream of water into its vicinity, upon which he was bent upon beſtowing miraculous powers, one being that of enabling every child baptized with the water to utter the reſponſes in diſtinct words; but he was interrupted in his taſk, and the only quality ultimately attached to the ſtream was the ſingular one of rendering impoſſible the hanging of any one chriſtened with its waters. Hither came from a diſtance, even up to the laſt century, parents who, with a ſingular miſtruſt of their children's future, ſought for them the protection of this conſecrated ſtream. In Cornwall, perhaps, ſuperſtition has lingered almoſt longer than in any other county in England. When, about the year 1761, one of the pinnacles on the tower of Ludgvan church was thrown down in a thunderſtorm, the effect was then univerſally imputed, according to Gilbert, "to the vengeance of a perturbed ſpirit exorciſed from Treaſſow, and paſſing eaſtward towards the uſual place of baniſhment in

the Red Sea." Treaſſow is the name of an old family ſeat about a mile to the weſt of Ludgvan.

Between Ludgvan and Hayle, the road, paſſing through Crowlas, preſents nothing of intereſt. In the laſt-named village, a ſtream, otherwiſe pretty, is ſo ſpoilt by ironworks that the very ducks are of a reddened colour; and a ſimilar hue is given by the ſame means to the wide expanſe of mud through which, at low water, the road paſſes before reaching Hayle.

The pier at Hayle runs up the centre of the eſtuary, and offers a pleaſant walk in fine weather when the tide is coming in, and the veſſels are going out; but, in wind and rain, a more diſagreeable promenade could hardly be imagined. Croſſing here by the ferry-boat, on the hill oppoſite is Lelant church, ſituated by itſelf at a ſhort diſtance from the pretty village of that name. Outſide the churchyard, near the gateway, is an ancient croſs, a ſmall but perfect ſpecimen. In the churchyard itſelf, is another of larger dimenſions, and apparently

of higher antiquity. The church is a fine old building, and has been reſtored at ſome recent period. It has formerly, on more than one occaſion, run a narrow eſcape of being buried in a ſand-drift. Ray ſpeaks of it, in the year 1662, as "a church almoſt quite covered with ſand blown up by the wind." There is a tradition that underneath theſe ſands is buried the caſtle of Theodoric, King of Cornwall, who is ſo notorious as having beheaded the Iriſh ſaints who came over here to preach the Goſpel in the fifth century of the Chriſtian era.

Here is a bit of the natural hiſtory of this part of the coaſt, as obſerved two centuries ago. The great naturaliſt, Ray, was here in 1662, and has left us the following notes,—"Monday, June the 30th, we rode over the ſands to St. Ives. We ſaw here ſome of the young murres, a bird black on the head and back, white under the breaſt and belly, and hath a black and ſharp bill, black feet, whole-footed. We were aſſured that the Corniſh murre is nothing elſe but the razor-bill. All along the cliffs, as we

rode upon the ſand toward St. Ives, grew *fæniculum vulgare* in great plenty. We ſaw many of thoſe birds, which they call gannets, flying about on the water. This bird hath long wings and a long neck, and flieth ſtrongly. Poſſibly it may be the *catarractes*. He preys upon pilchards, the ſhoals whereof great multitudes of theſe fowl conſtantly purſue." In another place he ſays that "the gannets were almoſt of the bigneſs of a gooſe, white, the tips only of their wings black. They have a ſtrange way of catching them by tying a pilchard to a board, and faſtening it ſo that the bird may ſee it, who comes down with ſo great ſwiftneſs for his prey, that he breaks his neck againſt the board."

From Lelant church to St. Ives is a walk of between three and four miles, near the edge of the cliffs, a pleaſing excurſion, though its pictureſque character is ſomewhat injured by mining operations in two or three places. St. Ives holds a diſtinguiſhed place in the recollections of the nurſery; and, while at laſt haſtening forwards to ſee a town em-

bodied in the memory from childhood, there was every now and then an involuntary look forward in the expectation of really meeting the man with the ſeven wives. But we didn't. Before reaching the town, and contiguous to it, is a charming little bay of white ſand, well adapted for bathing, with the green hills ſloping down to the water's edge. A few houſes of ſome pretenſions have been recently erected here, ſkirting the hill on the weſtern ſide. There is alſo a row of modern cottages in the centre of the bay, at right angles to the ſhore, or rather forming a portion of an imaginary diameter to the ſemicircular amphitheatre of land.

St. Ives is ſaid, in a baſeleſs tradition, to have received its name from St. Iva, an Iriſh ſaint, who came over here, about the year 460, to convert the then pagan Corniſh. St. Leonard alſo was a patron of the town, at the north end of which, obſerves Warner, "was a chapel dedicated to him, where prayers were formerly read to the fiſhermen before they went to ſea, to beg ſucceſs on their undertaking,

by a friar who was ſtationary here. The congregations are ſaid to have paid him for his trouble with a part of their fiſh. The form appeared to us to be even now kept up by a poor fanatic, whom we found addreſſing this incorrigible race of men upon the quay. His congregation, however, did not appear to be very attentive to him; nor could we wonder at his eloquence being thrown away, when we learnt that he was generally drunk, and, at his intervals of inebriety, always mad."

The town of St. Ives is chiefly built on a narrow neck, a quarter of a mile only in length, which connects the mainland with a ſmall pile of rocky ground upon which is erected the Battery. The lattermentioned land is called the Iſland, containing, obſerves Hals, "about ſix acres of ground, on which there ſtands the ruins of a little old fortification and a chapel." Into this narrow iſthmus or neck of land the whole town is crowded, the reſult being an intricate maze of extremely narrow, and in ſome inſtances quaint, lanes and courts, leading into each

other in the moſt capricious manner. Near the church, note the Golden Lion Inn, with its four gable windows, and an ancient penthouſe; near which is a ſtill more intereſting ſpecimen of an Elizabethan tavern, the George and Dragon, with a penthouſe through nearly its entire length in front, and, in the yard behind, curious paſſages under projecting upper-rooms, ſupported by wooden pillars. Theſe were the moſt curious houſes I observed, but our viſit was a hurried one, admitting but of a haſty walk through the town. The church, a large ancient ſtructure, recently reſtored and modernized, contains ſome curious oak carvings, amongſt which the clerk ſhowed us a repreſentation of a blackſmith, with his bellows, anvil, and hammers; ſaid to commemorate an individual who, centuries ago, made the iron-work uſed in building or repairing the church.

St. Ives' church, according to a manuſcript preſerved in the corporation archives, was commenced in the reign of Henry the Fifth, and completed in

that of Henry the Sixth, having been ſixteen years and a-half in building. In the year 1697, the ſea burſt over the outer walls, and damaged the large window over the altar. The church, however, was not always ſo near the water; for an old man, living about the year 1640, ſtated that "he remembered when graſs grew between the churchyard wall and Court Cockyn rock, and ſheep did graze on it."

Ray, who viſited St. Ives in the year 1662, tells a queer ſtory of a "bird they told us of, called wagell, which purſues and ſtrikes at the ſmall gull ſo long, till out of fear it mutes, and what it voids the wagell follows, and greedily devours, catching it before it is fallen down to the water. This ſeveral ſeamen affirmed themſelves to have oftentimes ſeen." Of the town itſelf he obſerves,—"There are a great many houſes to the north of the town, which, as well as the church, are almoſt buried or overwhelmed with ſand blown up there by the wind in ſtormy weather. On a rock, a little above the town, to the north, ſtands a little church, dedicated

to St. Iva, as they say. The people of Britanny drive a great trade here for *raiæ*, which they dry in the sun, and then carry away. In exchange for this they bring salt. The inhabitants of this town are of opinion that their fish are better and more daintily tasted than those taken about Penzance, or anywhere on the other side of the country."

An unique custom obtains in St. Ives; the inhabitants, on the announcement of the discovery of a shoal of pilchards, shouting out loudly the exclamation, "Heva! Heva!" They sometimes say, in a doggrel, "Heva to the lea, the boats are gone to sea." No explanation can be given of either the meaning or origin of this practice.

It is singular that although, in previous centuries, St. Ives suffered greatly from plague and fever, yet it has altogether escaped a visitation of cholera. It is certainly not now remarkable either for cleanliness or good drainage, and the state of the town was probably frightful in former times. In the year 1647, one-third of the entire population fell victims

to the plague,—a viſitation of ſo awful a character that traditional accounts of it have been handed down to the preſent day. No one dared to bring proviſions into the town, but ſupplies were brought to the edges of ſtreams at ſome diſtance off, the poor Iveſians being obliged to depoſit the price of them in the running water. It is ſaid that each parcel of food was ticketed with the price to be paid, and that the purchaſers were not to approach the place before ſome hours had elapſed from the time of the depoſit.

As a general rule, however, St. Ives has ſuſtained the character of ſalubrity. Later on, in the ſame century, there was neither doctor, ſurgeon, nor apothecary in the town, and, according to a reliable contemporary authority, the only medicine in uſe was "two pennyworth of aqua vitæ and a pennyworth of treacle-water, mixed together, which they did take and ſweat with, and ſo were cured." In the courſe of half a century, not more than two perſons in St. Ives were known to have had the gout.

A giant, whoſe name I do not know, once lived near St. Ives. At leaſt, ſo I gather from the notice of an opening of a barrow near the town, about the year 1690, when a "tooth an inch broad" was diſcovered in the grave, as recorded by one Mr. Hicks, an intelligent townſman of that period.

On the weſtern ſide of St. Ives, note, on the corner of the coaſt, Carrack Olu, a fantaſtic carn of rocks. "Hereabouts," ſays Ray, in 1662, "we found a kind of plant, on a moiſt bank, whoſe leaf is ſomewhat like to *ſaxifraga aurea.* It runs out in long wires like to *campanula cymbalariæ fol.* At each leaf it bears one ſmall purpliſh-coloured flower. We found another plant on a boggy ground, which had ſmall graſſy leaves, but very few; it was almoſt all ſtalk; it grew not above an hand high, had a yellow flower, but not open in any when we were there, it being a cloſe day. The ſeed-veſſel was ſomewhat large, round, biggeſt in the middle, ſmaller at both ends, like ſome rolls wherewith they roll corn."

The neareſt way back to Penzance from St. Ives paſſes near the ruins of Caſtle-an-Dinas, but an examination of them ſhould be the object of a ſeparate day's excurſion. This caſtle is about four miles from Penzance, and can be reached either by the road through Gulval and Badger's Croſs, or partly by the fields, through Kenegie and Trezeela. Caſtle-an-Dinas is an ancient dry-ſtone fortreſs crowning the ſummit of the higheſt hill in the neighbourhood,—an eminence which is conſpicuous from many ſpots, and is readily diſtinguiſhed by Rogers' Tower, a modern edifice in a dilapidated condition, erected by the late John Rogers, of Penroſe, the proprietor of the eſtate. This caſtle is thus deſcribed by Borlaſe,—"It conſiſted of two ſtone walls, built one within the other in a circular form, ſurrounding the area of the hill. The ruins are now fallen on each ſide of the walls, and ſhow the work to have been of great height and thickneſs. There was alſo a third and outmoſt wall built more than halfways round, but was left unfiniſhed.

Within the walls are many little encloſures of a circular form about ſeven yards diameter, with little walls round them of two and three feet high. They appeared to me to have been ſo many huts erected for the ſhelter of the garriſon. The diameter of the whole fort from eaſt to weſt is four hundred feet, and the principal ditch is ſixty feet wide. Towards the ſouth the ſides of this mountain are marked by two large green paths about ten feet wide, which were viſibly cleanſed by art of their natural roughneſs for the more convenient approach to this garriſon. Near the middle of the area is a well, almoſt choked with its own ruins; and, at a little diſtance, a narrow pit, its ſides walled round."

The ruins of Caſtle-an-Dinas, although greatly injured ſince the time of Borlaſe, are ſtill very extenſive, and may poſſibly be the remains of a genuine Britiſh fortreſs. Tacitus, xii. 35, ſeems to ſpeak of piles of ſtones on hills as characteriſtic of Britiſh fortifications; but it by no means follows that the preſent are of very remote antiquity, for the natives

of England may have continued their old form of defences long after the invaſion of the Romans, and Caſtle-an-Dinas may be a bulwark of a later period raiſed to protect the inhabitants in caſe of a piratical invaſion. There are now no traces of the "many little encloſures" mentioned by Borlaſe, excepting the remains of a ſmall circular one, in the centre of the caſtle, about twenty-ſix yards in circumference. If this ſurrounded the well, no traces of the latter now remain, nor is there any "narrow pit" to be ſeen. The caſtle muſt originally have had two thick concentric walls, with an annular ſpace of about twenty feet in breadth between them. The inner wall, the foundations of which are ſtill viſible, encircles a ſpace about ſeventy yards in diameter. The outer wall averages ten feet in thickneſs, the remains of it varying from three to five feet in height, and in ſome parts the regularly-built outer ſurface being ſtill left. This wall is ſurrounded, at a diſtance of about forty feet, by a circular mound of earth and ſtones, and twelve feet outſide this lat-

ter was another ſimilar mound, the greater portion of which has been removed, and what little ſtill remains is in proceſs of deſtruction. Outſide of all are traces of an intrenchment.

At a ſhort diſtance from Caſtle-an-Dinas, in the moors, is a deep well, approached by ſteep-deſcending ſtone ſteps, and protected at the bottom in the manner of an artificial cave with a ſtone roof; but it ſhould be aſcertained if the water in this cave is from a ſpring or was there only by accident. In the latter caſe, this may be only a ſpecimen of a cave ſimilar to one at Bolleit, which will be afterwards deſcribed, or it may be altogether a more modern ſtructure.

There was another well in Gulval pariſh, near the village of Colurrian, which was formerly reſorted to for the cure of weak eyes. The well, the ſite of which is an orchard a little below the village, is now deſtroyed, but the water is ſtill highly eſteemed for its purity, and deſervedly ſo. Near this locality

was, and perhaps is, a ſpring of water, a ſtrong chalybeate.

About two miles from Colurrian is the fine and pictureſque granite hill, Trecrobben, from the top of which are perhaps ſeen the moſt extenſive views of the country to be met with in any ſpot in the whole diſtrict. The ſummit of this hill is nearly flat, and around it are the graſs-covered remains of a very extenſive circular vallum of earth and ſtones upwards of twenty feet in thickneſs. The entrance into this encloſure from the Hayle ſide is in a tolerably perfect ſtate, being nearly twenty feet wide, with large upright blocks of granite at the inner corners. Oppoſite to this, on the other ſide, is another entrance of a ſimilar character. The large vallum does not form a perfect circle, but is turned out of its regular courſe in order to unite it with two carns, between which was another entrance nearly oppoſite Trink hill, and which we may call the principal gateway. On the largeſt of theſe carns are ſome rock-baſons, known reſpectively as the

Giant's Chair, the Giant's Cradle, and the Giant's Spoon. A long carefully-formed ſerpentine road, fourteen feet in width, paſſes up the hill, leading through the principal gateway, and then again purſues a winding courſe to the centre of the encloſure, paſſing near the latter through two ſmaller carns. To the right of this road, before the carns laſt named are reached, are the diſtinct traces of a large ſtone and earth circular barrow, and nearer the middle of the ſummit are the remains of ſeveral circular encloſures, the moſt diſtinct meaſuring about twenty-five feet in diameter, and having the appearance of being the ſites of ſtone and earth barrows.

This picturesque and intereſting hill has at preſent been but ſlightly injured, but ſymptoms are to be ſeen of the commencing labours of the granite-ſplitters, and, unleſs the owner of the land interfere, in all probability, before many years are paſſed, this ſpot, now one of the moſt attractive of the kind in the diſtrict, will be utterly ruined. Trecrobben hill preſents us, in its preſent ſtate, with a good ſpecimen

of what are called hill-caſtles, and it is alſo important as exhibiting peculiarities that enable us to conjecture, with ſome degree of probability, for what purpoſe ſome of theſe ſtructures were really intended. Now, in the preſent inſtance, we have the large circular vallum accompanied with the undiſturbed indigenous blocks of granite both inſide and out the encloſure, and ſo arranged in connection with the latter, that it may be ſafely concluded that the deſigners adapted their plans to the natural formation of the hill and its rocks. It is, I think, alſo impoſſible for any one to examine the Trecrobben encloſure with attention, and not feel ſatisfied that, if it had been intended for a military work, the rocks would not have been allowed to have remained in exactly their original form. When to this conſideration is added the circumſtance of the remains of barrows being found within the encloſure, the concluſion that the whole work is of a ſepulchral character appears to be irreſiſtible. Bartinney Caſtle, near Sancreed, was alſo moſt probably a ſtructure deſigned for a ſimilar object.

Outſide the vallum at Trecrobben, or, as it is called by the ruſtics, Trancrom, is the Giant's Well; and on the ſouth ſide of the hill is a large block of granite, known as the Twelve o'Clock Stone,—a ſort of natural ſun-dial, on which the rays of the ſun fall in ſuch a manner, that the miners of the neighbourhood can tell the hour of noon by the direction of the ſhadows. There is another ſtone ſo called on the brow of Trink hill. About half-a-mile from Trecrobben hill, at Beerſheba, is a large ſtone known in the neighbourhood as the Giant's Bowl.

The hill of Trecrobben and St. Michael's Mount were uſed by the giants when they were inclined for a game at bob-buttons. The Mount was the "bob" upon which the buttons, flat maſſes of granite, were placed; while Trecrobben was the "mit," the point from which the aim was taken. Doubtleſsly the Giant's Chair on the latter hill was frequently uſed during the progreſs of the game, nor is it improbable that the Giant's Well was alſo in requiſition. Here, then, were at hand opportunities for reſt and

refreſhment, the circumſtances of the various traditions agreeing well with, and in fact demonſtrating, the truth of each other.

There was formerly a place alſo called the Giant's Chair near the Beacon in Sancreed, a cromlech, the covering-ſtone of which had ſlipped down, and ſo formed a ſort of wide ſeat. This was perhaps the reſting-place of the ruler of Caerguidn or White Caſtle, which was in that locality, and of which the remains, conſiſting of the ruins of a circular wall, are, I am told, ſtill viſible; but this is only from hearſay.

Nancledry Bottoms, a mile beyond Caſtle-an-Dinas, was formerly the place of reſidence of a giant who is ſaid to have lived in a thatched houſe near the ſtreamlet that here flows through the vale. This is the only inſtance I have met with where a Corniſh giant is recorded to have inhabited an abode of this deſcription.

We now return to Penzance as a ſtarting-point for other ſtrolls. Let us thence paſs up Clarence

Street and along a dufty road to the left, paft the cemetery, to the church-town of Madron. Here there is nothing of intereft but the church and a few monuments, the latter including the curious and oft-quoted epitaph on George Daniel, the founder of Madron School. Note on the fide of the road oppofite the church an old crofs let into a garden-wall. The celebrated Madron Well is about three-quarters of a mile from the village, bearing to the right through the fields, and a marfhy moor, after paffing the workhoufe. The baptiftery furrounding it is in ruins, all that now remain being the lower portions of the wall of a fmall fquare building, the well being in a covered receſs in one corner. The ftone feat ufed by the weary pilgrims is along one fide, and at the end are the remains of the ftone altar, with the fpot in which was once raifed the image of St. Madron, a faint otherwife unknown to fame. Here took place the miraculous cure, recorded by Bifhop Hall, of a poor cripple, who, adviſed in a dream to try the efficacy of theſe waters, was wiſe enough to

obey the myſterious order, and was reſtored to the uſe of his limbs. "I found here," obſerves the worthy prelate, "was neither art or colluſion, the cure done, the author our inviſible God." The favourite time, and that ſuppoſed to be the moſt propitious, for viſiting this well was the eve of Corpus Chriſti.

Madron Well is thus noticed by Borlaſe in his Natural Hiſtory of Cornwall, 1758, p. 31:— "The ſoil round it is black, boggy, and light, but the ſtratum through which the ſpring riſes is a grey moor-ſtone gravel. Here people who labour under pains, aches, and ſtiffneſs of limbs, come and waſh; and many cures are ſaid to have been performed, although the water can only act by its cold and limpid nature, foraſmuch as it has no perceivable mineral impregnation. Hither alſo, upon much leſs juſtifiable errands, come the uneaſy, impatient, and ſuperſtitious, and by dropping pins or pebbles into the water, and by ſhaking the ground round the ſpring, ſo as to raiſe bubbles from the bottom, at a

certain time of the year, moon, and day, endeavour to ſettle ſuch doubts and inquiries as will not let the idle and anxious reſt. Here, therefore, they come, and, inſtead of allaying, deſervedly feed their uneaſineſs: the ſuppoſed reſponſes ſerving equally to increaſe the gloom of the melancholy, the ſuſpicions of the jealous, and the paſſion of the enamoured. As great a piece of folly as this is, 'tis a very antient one."

The botaniſt will here meet with ſpecimens of the pretty little weed, the Corniſh moneywort, which is alſo found in other ſimilar places in this diſtrict, as in the ditches by Nancothen near Buryas Bridge, and elſewhere. In the moor near the well is alſo ſeen the ſtill prettier creeping plant, the whorled knotgraſs.

Daniel's monument, previouſly noticed, is in the churchyard, and the verſes are now inſcribed on a newly-cut ſlate, which, as a mere copy, is devoid of the intereſt which attached to the original, even in its indiſtinct ſtate. The Madron regiſters commence

in the year 1577. I was in the expectation they would have added to our information reſpecting the deſcent of the Spaniards; but no entries are given for 1595, owing perhaps to the regiſters being only periodically returned from Penzance, and thoſe for that year having been loſt by the fire. In the liſt of baptiſms for 1594 mention is made of the "daughter of George the Miller," a curious fragment in the hiſtory of the origin of Engliſh ſurnames. In the church cheſt is a Penzance regiſter, dated 1693, but the entries in it are reſtricted to 1700, 1701, and 1702. Daniel's epitaph, by the bye, as it may be worth mentioning, is found elſewhere in a ſlightly varied form, and I ſuſpect that it is only an adaptation of a favourite formula. On a tomb-ſtone at St. Mary's are the following lines,—

> In Cornwall was ſhe born, Cornwall her breeding gave,
> Scilly a huſband, ſix children, and a grave.

A ſhort walk from Madron leads, in nearly a ſtraight direction, to a ledge of rocks called Tren-

gwainton Carn, or, popularly, the Bull's Look Out. When the cattle are reſting on its ſummit, as they often are, the carn is worth a journey to an artiſt. In this neighbourhood is, or was, a cavern known as the Giant's Cave, but I could not aſcertain its preciſe locality. From Trengwainton Carn there is a pretty walk home to Penzance along a country-terraced lane on the brows of the hills leading to the footpath to the left of Caſtle Horneck. It ſhould, by the bye, be carefully borne in mind that the term *carn*, which, in ſome parts of the country, means an artificial ſepulchral monument of ſtones, is in Cornwall applied to any large indigenous pile of rocks, and ſometimes to a ſingle high rock itſelf.

In the moor, ſhortly before reaching Trengwainton Carn, is an ancient croſs. The upper part, containing the croſs, is perfect, as is alſo the baſe, but the ſtem is broken off nearly ſhort, ſo that the circular top reſts on the baſe.

The wayſide croſs is a very common object in Cornwall. It conſiſts generally of a ſingle ſlab of

granite, with a round head, upon which is the figure of a croſs in relief, the whole being inſerted in a circular or ſquare baſe alſo compoſed of granite. Some few are ornamented with a zigzag carving on either ſide the ſhaft, and ſome, but perhaps theſe only near churches, with repreſentations of the Crucifixion, or with perforated holes at the corners of the croſs. Thoſe formerly at the wayſide are uſually of very plain workmanſhip, and are now found in all ſorts of unexpected corners, in lanes, on the moors, &c.

At a diſtance of ſome five miles from Penzance, on the road from Madron to Morvah, near the road, on the right-hand ſide, is the Lanyon Quoit or Cromlech, a fine ſpecimen, and perfect in all eſſential particulars. The beſt way of reaching it, if walking, is to take the path to the left in the fields after paſſing the Madron Union, and keep as nearly in a ſtraight line as poſſible until the cromlech appears. It is ſituated in a conſpicuous ſituation in the midſt of a wild moor, and is intereſting in its Titanic grandeur and vaſt antiquity. The top covering

conſiſts of an enormous ſlab of granite, ſupported by three upright unhewn blocks of ſtone, but near theſe are three fallen ſtones, one of which at leaſt was certainly at one time one of the ſupporters. The dimenſions of the cap-ſtone are thus given by Borlaſe:—"This quoit is more than forty-ſeven feet in girt, and nineteen feet long; its thickneſs in the middle on the eaſtern edge is ſixteen inches, at each end not ſo much, but at the weſtern edge it is two feet thick." This cromlech is ſometimes called by the country people the Giant's Quoit, and occaſionally the Giant's Table. My meaſurement made the covering-ſtone forty-ſix feet in circumference, with a thickneſs varying from ten to eighteen inches. It is not improbable that the ſtone has been chipped off at one or two of the corners ſince the time of Borlaſe. Between the cromlech and the road are the remains of a ſtone and earth circular barrow about eighteen feet in diameter. There is an odd tradition that the firſt battle fought in England was decided in the locality of Lanyon Quoit.

About a quarter of a mile to the weſtward of the Lanyon cromlech are the remains of another, which was diſcovered in the year 1790 under the following circumſtances:—"The gentleman who owns the eſtate of Lanyon, happening to be overtaken by a ſhower, took ſhelter behind a bank of earth and ſtones; and remarking that the earth was rich, he ſent his ſervants to carry it off, when, having removed nearly one hundred cart-loads, they obſerved the ſupporters of a cromlech, from which the covering-ſtone was ſlipped off on the ſouth ſide, but ſtill leaning againſt them." Other cromlechs have been expoſed to view under ſimilar circumſtances, which ſhow the manner in which the tumulus diſappears. Under this cromlech was diſcovered a broken urn with aſhes, as well as human bones. It is ſituated in a field on the left-hand ſide of the road, a few hundred yards diſtant from the little village of Lanyon, and about the ſame ſpace from the road. Only one of the upright ſtones now remains, the others being either removed or broken in pieces. This

meaſures ſix feet in height, by five feet in width. The covering-ſtone, now fallen in an inclined poſition, is an enormous block of granite, upwards of twelve feet in length. Had this cromlech been in a more perfect ſtate, it would have been nearly as intereſting a ſpecimen as the one previouſly deſcribed.

Norden, who wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, deſcribes the finding of another cromlech under ſimilar circumſtances, in the pariſh of Withiel. It ſeems that one Gidley, "as he was digging a borowe or buriall hill, founde in the bottome of the borow three whyte ſtones ſett triangulerly as pillers ſupportinge another ſtone nere a yarde ſquare, and under it a earthen pott verie thyck, haulfe full of black ſlymye matter;" probably the congealed aſhes of the perſon there interred.

I know not that it has been obſerved that Borlaſe was the firſt who clearly ſhowed the real nature and uſe of cromlechs—a diſcovery that has been claimed in favour of more recent archæologiſts. It is a

feather in his cap that ſhould always be ſeen there, when people begin to expatiate on that little matter of the rock-baſons.

At a diſtance of three-quarters of a mile from the mutilated Lanyon cromlech, to the left of the road, is Chynoon Hill, on the ſummit of which are two carns, one having a curious pile of flat rocks, on the top of which are four rock baſons. On the adjoining hill, in the direction of St. Juſt, is ſituated Chun Caſtle, the remains of which, more perfect in the laſt century than they are now, are elaborately deſcribed by Borlaſe; but his deſcription would not be intelligible without a reference to the plan which accompanies it. The original conſtruction of the caſtle is ſtill, however, clearly traceable. Some portions of the outer ſide of the outer wall are in a good ſtate of preſervation, and ſhow that, although no mortar was uſed, the walls were built in a regular manner. "By the ruins of theſe walls," obſerves Borlaſe, "I judge that the outermoſt could not be leſs than ten feet high, and the innermoſt about

fifteen, but rather more, and both well perfected. The apartments within were, probably ſhelters from the weather. Some rude ones of like uſe we have taken notice of in other examples, but theſe are much more regularly diſpoſed; and indeed the whole of this work, the neatneſs and regularity of the walls, providing ſuch ſecurity for their entrance, flanking and dividing their foſs, ſhows a military knowledge ſuperior to that of any other works of this kind which I have ſeen in Cornwall." The well in the interior of the caſtle is ſtill viſible, but the ſteps leading to it have fallen in, and the whole is in a ſad ſtate of ruin.

In the neighbourhood of the caſtle may be traced the obſcure remains of ſeveral ſpecimens of the edifices generally termed Britiſh huts. The country folks call them "the huts of the old people,"—a traditional name agreeing with the reſults of recent inveſtigation. Upon excavating one of them, there were found a ſmall quantity of charred wood, a great number of burnt ſtones, and as many frag-

ments of pottery as filled a ſmall baſon. Amongſt theſe fragments were parts of the upper edges or rims of ſeven different veſſels. Other ſpecimens of Britiſh huts, ſome in a more perfect ſtate, on the foot of the hill of Caſtle-an-Dinas, juſt above the farm-houſe of Chyſoyſter, are deſcribed in Blight's Week at the Land's End, p. 207.

The Chun cromlech is the moſt perfect ſpecimen in the county. It is ſituated a few hundred yards to the weſt of the caſtle, and conſiſts of four large ſupporting ſtones with an overhanging gibbous top ſlab, the whole having the appearance of a gigantic muſhroom. The remains of the barrow of ſmall ſtones in which it was originally placed are ſtill viſible. The covering-ſtone is twelve feet and a-half long, over eleven feet wide, and nearly fourty feet in circumference. This cromlech is briefly noticed by Borlaſe, ed. 1769, p. 232.

Nearly a mile from this cromlech, on the Tregarras Downs, and about a hundred-and-twenty yards to the left of the road leading from Pendeen

to New Bridge, is the monumental ſtone deſcribed by Borlaſe as the "Long Stone in Boſwen's Croft, Sancred." This ſtone is nine feet high, rectangular at the baſe, where it is eleven feet in circumference, and thirty inches thick; but this thickneſs, at a height of twenty-nine inches from the ground, diminiſhes to ſixteen inches, and leſſens again towards the top. In the time of Borlaſe there was a barrow of ſmall ſtones round the baſe of this pillar; but hardly any traces of this now remain, thoſe that do conſiſting only of a ſmall ſtone or two ſcattered here and there. From the appearance of the ground, however, it may be conjectured that the pillar was originally in the centre of a barrow twenty-five feet in diameter. That Borlaſe's account of this monument ſhows us the nature of one kind of ancient ſepulchral memorial, and perhaps indicates the original uſe of all theſe upright pillars of unhewn ſtones, can hardly be reaſonably queſtioned.

On the moors, about half a mile to the right of Lanyon Farmhouſe, in the direction of Carn Galva,

is the curious and perhaps unique monument called the Mean-an-Tol; or, in Engliſh, the Stone of the Hole. This is an upright circular block of granite about eight inches thick, having in its centre a carefully-formed circular hole, eighteen inches in diameter. The ring of ſtone ſurrounding this hole averages about thirteen inches in width; but the outer circular edge is ſomewhat irregularly cut. The ſtone reſts in the earth in a manner to make one ſuſpect that there is no ſhaft to ſupport it. This ſtone is in a line with two upright ſtones, one on each ſide of it, each being about eight feet diſtant from the holed ſtone. One of theſe upright ſtones is wedge-ſhaped, three feet ten inches high, and at its foot is a fallen ſtone rather more than four feet in length, "like a cuſhion or pillow," ſays Borlaſe, "as if to kneel upon." Perhaps, however, it may be one of a circle of ſtones that formerly ſurrounded the Mean-an-Tol, of which the two upright ones may alſo be portions. If ſo, the monument is, as in any caſe it may probably be, of a ſepulchral character.

A few yards diſtant is another upright ſtone, three feet high, ſimilar in character to the outer ſtones of the Mean-an-Tol; and there is a companion ſtone to this, about ten feet from it, but now proſtrate.

This conjecture as to the uſe of the Mean-an-Tol is in ſome meaſure ſupported by the account of a monument, formerly in the Scilly Iſlands, thus deſcribed by Troutbeck:—"Upon Salakee Downs, about a quarter of a mile due north from Giant's Caſtle, upon the ſummit of the riſing ground, called Wardhill, is a circle of ſtones thirty-ſix feet in diameter, and within that is another leſs circle of ſtones of ten feet diameter, in the centre of which is a large flat ſtone, with a hole quite through it, ſixteen inches ſquare." Woodley mentions theſe circles as ſurrounding a tumulus, and ſtates that the perforated ſtone "covered" the barrow. I feel ſatisfied that all theſe ancient perforated ſtones are connected in ſome way with ſepulchral monuments; but whether they were merely fanciful or emblematic of ſome

belief, or anſwered any ſpecial purpoſe, is a queſtion that can only be decided by further inveſtigation.

The ſuperſtitious uſe of this monument is by no means obſolete, the boy who acted as our guide over the moor owning that he had been pulled through the holed ſtone to cure ſome complaint. Hence it is called by the country people the Crick Stone; or, ſometimes, the Creeping Stone. "When I was laſt at this monument," obſerves Borlaſe, "in the year 1749, a very intelligent farmer of the neighbourhood aſſured me that he had known many perſons who had crept through this holed ſtone for pains in their back and limbs; and that fanciful parents, at certain times of the year, do cuſtomarily draw their young children through in order to cure them of the rickets. He ſhowed me alſo two braſs pins, carefully laid acroſs each other, on the top edge of the holed ſtone. This is the way of the over-curious even at this time; and by recurring to theſe pins, and obſerving their direction to be the ſame or different from what they left them in, or by their

being loſt or gone, they are informed of ſome material incident of love or fortune, which they could not know ſoon enough in a natural way, and immediately take ſuch reſolutions as their informations from theſe prophetical ſtones ſuggeſt." To the ſame effect is a notice of this monument in an old manuſcript,—" Maen Tol, or the ſtone with a hole, on Agnidal Downs in Madern, famous for curing pains in the back by going through the hole three, five, or nine times."

At a ſhort diſtance from this, on the moors, to the left-hand ſide, after croſſing a country lane, is the ſtone called the Men Skryfa, the Inſcribed Stone. It will be found in a ſmall hollow, in an inclined poſition, fallen down on one ſide of the pit, which is ſaid to have been dug by ſome perſon in a vain ſearch for treaſure. The inſcription, *Riolabran. Cunoval. Fil.*, denoting that it is the memorial of Riolabran, the ſon of Cunoval, will be found on the right-hand ſide, ſtill viſible, and in good preſervation. It is a pillar of roughly-hewn granite, pointed to-

wards the top, and meaſures eight feet four inches in height. Borlaſe ſtates that it is nearly ten feet long, and, as he is generally accurate, part of the ſtone may have been chipped off ſince his time. This is undoubtedly the monument of an ancient Celtic inhabitant of Cornwall, and one raiſed probably during the Roman dominion over England. Lhuyd ſays that the reading in Britiſh would be, Rhwalhvran map Kynwal. The Vicar of Penzance in the year 1712, one Mr. Lobb, ſtates that this ſtone gives the name to the downs upon which it lies, Goon Men Skryfa. It might ſeem, from Mr. Lobb's account of it, that the pillar once ſurmounted a ſtone barrow, for he ſays that "there is under it a pit about three feet deep, with a pretty many ſtones in it, which ſeem to have been deſigned to wedge in and ſupport another of a greater bulk." The Men Skryfa was in its inclined poſition at that time, 1712, and had then been ſo, according to Lobb, "time out of mind."

On the moors, near the Ding Dong Mine, are

the remains of a circle of upright ſtones known as the Nine Maidens, or the Boſkednan Circle, the latter name being taken from that of the moor in which it is placed. In the time of Borlaſe there were nineteen ſtones, thirteen of which were upright, and ſix had fallen. At the preſent time there are only ten ſtones to be ſeen, five of which are erect, three are inclined, one fallen down, and another alſo fallen and imbedded in the earth, ſo that it can only be diſcovered on a cloſe examination. Two ſtones of larger ſize than the reſt formed the entrance. This monument is engraved by Borlaſe as the "Boſkednan Circle in Gulval." There are the remains of barrows in the immediate locality, one of which was originally encloſed by a circle of ſtones; and ſhortly before reaching the Ding Dong Mine, in the moor, a little way to the left of the road, are the indiſtinct remains of a ſmall ſtone circle, one upright ſtone being viſibly conſpicuous amongſt the reſt. What the older antiquaries termed Druidical Circles are now believed with more reaſon to be merely circles

of ſtones ſerving to define and perhaps to ſupport the barrows, ſepulchral mounds having been diſcovered ſurrounded by ſtone circles. Some ſpecimens of theſe are alſo found in ſome of the remote diſtricts of Ruſſia, ſo conſtructed that if the barrow and its contents were removed, there would remain only a circle of ſtones like that originally was at Boſkednan.

Beyond the Nine Maidens ſeaward is the grand ſerrated range of granite rocks, Carn Galva, ſo conſpicuous an object for ſeveral miles in nearly every direction. Somewhere amongſt the rocks in this carn is the Giant's Cave, in ages long gone by the abode of a giant named Holiburn. My informant could not point out the locality of this cave, her knowledge of it having been derived from hearing her "old man," now dead, ſpeaking about it ſome thirty or forty years ago. It is of the rareſt occurrence to hear the name of a giant mentioned in the recital of any oral tradition in this diſtrict; and, as a general rule, even thoſe who beſt

remember the ſtories current in their childhood have no recollection of ever having heard the giants alluded to by diſtinctive names.

On the top of a bleak hill, rather more than a mile on the other ſide of the Nine Maidens, and a quarter of a mile from the miſerable little hamlet of High Ninnis, ſtands the curious but mutilated cromlech known as the Mulfra Quoit, which, being tranſlated, means the Quoit of the Round Bald Hill. The country people, however, generally call it the Giant's Quoit. The ſupporter on the ſouth ſide has diſappeared for more than a century, ſo that the covering ſtone, a huge ſlab of a ſomewhat triangular form, reſts with one end on the ground ſupported by the two ſide-ſtones of the kiſtvaen. This cromlech is thus deſcribed by Borlaſe,—"The cover-ſtone is nine feet eight by fourteen feet three inches, reckoning a piece evidently clove, or broke off from it, and lying near it. The ſupporters are three, five feet high, encloſing an area ſix feet eight from eaſt to weſt, and four feet wide, ſo that the

length bears due eaſt and weſt, has a ſide-ſtone to the north, but is open to the ſouth, that ſtone being probably removed or broken into pieces. The ſtone barrow with which this cromlech is ſurrounded is about two feet high from the general ſurface, and thirty-ſeven feet three inches in diameter." An excavation made inſide the kiſtvaen did not reſult in the diſcovery of any ſepulchral or other relics. Diſtinct traces ſtill remain of the ſtone barrow that formerly ſurrounded this cromlech.

On the Zennor road, nearly oppoſite Mulfra, are the moors or common of Tredennack, upon which formerly ſtood a circular encloſure, formed of ſmall ſlabs of granite, with an entrance, at one ſide of which was an upright pillar. This is figured by Borlaſe, p. 198, and he ſpeaks of it, p. 206, as "our circle of Tredinek in Gullval." It is now deſtroyed, though well remembered by ſome of the inhabitants of the locality. There are one or two obſcure traces of ſtone circles on theſe moors; but none that agree with the one engraved by Borlaſe.

In the ſame common of Tredennack, on the brow of the hill very near its junction with Zennor Pariſh, are the remains of a ſtone barrow about twenty feet in diameter, the outer circle of which is compoſed of large blocks of granite. I can ſcarcely imagine that this is the remnant of the ſingular "ſtone barrow at Tredinek in Gulval," figured by Borlaſe, p. 219, but if it be not, the latter is no longer to be found. Unfortunately, Borlaſe has not given a deſcription of this monument; but from his engraving it would ſeem to have been nearly rectangular, and of larger dimenſions.

It is a ſingular fact that the idea of the circular ſtone-encloſed barrow has dwelt in the minds of Corniſhmen even up to the preſent day. In the churchyard at Sennen I was ſurpriſed to notice the flat top of a modern grave, which was circularly formed, and edged with ſmall ſtones. This is a nearer approach to the ſtony tumulus than is the rectangular altar-tomb to the ancient cromlech.

A ſhort diſtance from Tredennack, above Bod-

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rifty, is a place called the Four Pariſhes, where, it is ſaid, if you ſtretch out your legs and arms, you may ſtand in four pariſhes at once, namely, Madron, Morvah, Zennor, and Gulval.

Shortly before reaching New Bridge,—in a field known as the Barn Field, which is next the road on the left-hand ſide, adjoining ſome new farm-buildings called Tremayne,—are two memorial ſtones between nine and ten feet aſunder. The largeſt is of unhewn granite, irregularly ſhaped, ſix feet in height, and averaging about ſeven feet in circumference. The other ſtone, nearer the road, is ſtill more irregularly ſhaped, and tapers nearly to a point at the top. This one is five feet and a-half high above the ground. Theſe ſtones are figured by Borlaſe, ed. 1769, p. 164, together with a plan of their poſition in reſpect to a grave diſcovered between them, the whole being termed by him a "ſepulchral monument at Trewren in Maddern." Borlaſe informs us that, "upon ſearching the ground between theſe two ſtones, October 21ſt, 1752, the diggers

preſently found a pit ſix feet ſix long, two feet nine wide, and four feet ſix deep. Near the bottom it was full of black greaſy earth, but no bone to be ſeen. This grave came cloſe to the weſternmoſt and largeſt ſtone, next to which, I imagine, the head of the interred lay." The tradition of the locality is that the ſtones mark the grave of a warrior.

On the other ſide of the road, the third field on the Penzance ſide of the farm-hamlet of Trewren, is a ſtone of ſimilar character to thoſe laſt mentioned, now uſed as a rubbing-poſt for cattle. This ſtone is ſix feet five inches high, averages ſix feet in circumference, and is tapering towards the top. In an adjoining field is another uſed for a ſimilar purpoſe, tapering towards the top, of wedge-like form, ſix feet in height, and eight feet in circumference at the baſe. Both theſe ſtones appear to be too large to have been erected originally for rubbing-poſts.

On the further ſide of Trewren is a large croft, called the Cryglas, which preſents to the eye of the caſual obſerver a confuſed aſſemblage of upright ſtones

and broken ſtone-and-earth hedges, intermingled with huge blocks of indigenous granite, much of the whole being overgrown with furze. On a nearer examination, however, are clearly traced the plans of ſome ancient circular encloſures, the moſt diſtinct of which is one ſurrounded by a wall of earth and ſtone about nine feet in width, its limits defined by the remnants of a double circle of ſtones. From the inner circle, which is about thirty feet in diameter, an entrance leads out into what I ſuſpect was originally a ſmall contiguous circular encloſure, and, if ſo, we ſhould here have a ſpecimen of a ſtructure ſomething on the ſame plan as the Bodinar Crellas.

I had taken this note of the remains at the Cryglas before I had met with an account of them written by Mr. Edmonds, in 1848, when the ruins were in a far more perfect ſtate. After deſcribing the ſtones of an ancient hand-mill diſcovered on this ſpot, he ſays:—"The top of the eminence on which they were found was formerly encircled with a thick

wall, or mound, one hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter, much of which ſtill remains. Near its centre a circular pavement, about ten feet in diameter, was diſcovered, conſiſting of broad uncut granite-ſlabs with ſmall ſtones in the interſtices. A few feet from this pavement lay the mill-ſtones, and alſo a ſtone nine inches high and two feet in diameter, approaching the form of an oblate ſphere, but with one of its ſides perfectly flat, as if uſed for grinding on a flat ſurface. All theſe were found immediately beneath the turf. Outſide and ſouthward of the mound were, until very recently, four or five circular encloſures, varying from eight to ten feet in diameter, without any diſtinguiſhable order in their location, each having an entrance about three feet wide, and each being formed by large ſlabs three feet high, ſet upright on the natural ſurface of the ground." Since this was written, moſt of the choiceſt ſtones have been taken away for building purpoſes. The proceſs of removal appears to be ſtill in pro-

greſs, and in a few years probably the laſt veſtiges of theſe remains will have diſappeared.

The diſcovery of the mill-ſtones does not prove that theſe encloſures were dwelling-places, as ſimilar ones have been found in barrows in this diſtrict, and in one inſtance, at Boleigh, in a barrow ſurrounded by a thick wall, like that in the encloſure firſt deſcribed above. In fact, the interment in ſome of the Corniſh barrows is found in the centre of two concentric circles of large ſtones, ſuch circles being the boundaries of a thick wall of earth and ſmall ſtones. Unfortunately the relics hitherto diſcovered in theſe circular encloſures are inſufficient to enable us to form any certain concluſion on the ſubject, and the chief criterion ſeems to be found in the extent of their circumferences. When theſe are too large to have been roofed over by any means the ancient inhabitants were likely to have poſſeſſed, we may perhaps conclude that an aſſemblage of encloſures containing any of ſuch magnitude is the ſite of a cemetery.

Shortly after paſſing New Bridge,—a little village a ſhort diſtance beyond on the road to St. Juſt,—a path to the right leads to the farm-houſe called Higher Bodennar, near which is the curious Crellas thus deſcribed by Borlaſe:—"It conſiſts of two low walls; the outermoſt forms two circles, one of which is but eighteen feet diameter, the other is fifty-five feet diameter by fifty, and encloſes within it another circular wall, which makes an area within forty-one feet from north to ſouth, and thirty-ſix from eaſt to weſt. Between each wall of the great encloſure is a ditch four feet wide. The larger circle has two entrances from the adjoining grounds, and one into the ſmaller circle. Theſe entrances have tall ſtones on each ſide." This deſcription will ſcarcely be underſtood without a reference to the plan given by Borlaſe.

According to Mr. Edmonds, whoſe opinion coincides with the reſults of my own obſervations, Borlaſe erred in deſcribing a complete opening on the northern ſide, and he could diſcover none in that

direction, excepting merely through the inner wall into the ditch. Theſe remains are now ſo injured, and concealed by furze, it is difficult to give an intelligible account of their preſent condition. The thick walls, ſupported by the uſe of the term crellas, would lead us to conjecture that here we have the ruins of a large ancient Celtic hut.

Some of the upright ſtones, five of which are ſtill viſible, which are uſed in this crellas, are of the ſize and character found in the ſo-called Druidical Circles of this diſtrict. In fact, if the ruins had been in a more perfect ſtate, and the earth and ſmaller ſtones were removed, we ſhould in all probability have a double ſtone circle, partially interſected by another,—a circumſtance which leads to the belief that the ancient ſtone circles of this country originally ſerved a variety of purpoſes, and that no one theory is true which pretends to be applicable to all.

We muſt be careful, at the ſame time, not to aſſign poſitively a high antiquity to theſe circular encloſures without better evidence. It does not

ſeem impoſſible that ſome of them may be the remains of ruſtic habitations of a comparatively recent date. Corniſh dwellings of the early part of the ſixteenth century are deſcribed by Carew as conſiſting of "walls of earth, low thatched roofs, few partitions, no planching or glaſs windows, and ſcarcely any chimnies other than a hole in the wall to let out the ſmoke; their bed, ſtraw and a blanket; as for ſheets, ſo much linen cloth had not yet ſtepped over the narrow channel between them and Britain." Carew does not mention the form of theſe cottages; but it is worth notice that the Corniſh ſometimes build them, even at the preſent day, in a circular ſhape. There is one of theſe to be ſeen at Crows An Wra, on the road to the Land's End.

There is not a veſtige now remaining of the cave near this ſpot called the Giant's Holt, which, ſays Borlaſe, "has no other uſe at preſent (1752), than to frighten and appeaſe froward children." It was about five feet high, and the ſame in width; but it was in a ruinous condition even at the period juſt

alluded to. "You may," he obſerves, "with ſome difficulty enter into a hole, faced on each ſide with a ſtone wall, and covered with flat ſtones. Great part of the walls as well as covering are fallen into the cave, which does not run in a ſtraight line, but turns to the left-hand at a ſmall diſtance from the place where I entered, and ſeems to have branched itſelf out much further than I could then trace it, which did not exceed twenty feet."

On Trannock Downs, on the ſide of the road oppoſite to Bodennar, are ſeveral large barrows, or rather the remains of them, deſcribed by Dr. Barham as having their circuits defined by circles of ſtones varying from ſixty to a hundred feet in diameter. Moſt of them have been opened, and inſide the kiſtvaens were found urns, and two or three flint arrow-heads. Some of theſe barrows are deſcribed as having large flat ſurfaces, the circular areas being raiſed only a foot or two above the level of the ground. I have not ſeen theſe monuments, which might, from the deſcription, be thought

to be only the baſes of large barrows; but I have notes of ſeveral of the ſame kind in another locality, and am therefore diſpoſed to believe that this low flat kind of barrow is an original and intentional form of memorial.

The Corniſh term for theſe ſepulchral mounds is *burrows*, ſaid by Borlaſe to be derived from *byrig*, to hide or bury. The ſtone ones are, however, generally called carns, as in many other parts of England; and both are ſometimes termed *crigs*, that is, round heaps. Another local name is Crig-an-bargus, the kite's round hill.

Boſworlas Lehau, the flat ſtones of Boſworlas, called by the country people the Giant's Quoits, are about two miles beyond the monuments laſt named. They conſiſt of ſeveral very large granite rocks, on the tops of which are numerous rock-baſons. Borlaſe, p. 180, mentions "a natural logan-ſtone in the large heap of rocks called Boſworlas Lehau;" but this is no longer to be diſcovered. The ſame writer ſays that the country people

called the largeſt rock-baſon at Boſworlas, a circular one ſix feet in diameter, the Giant's Chair. Another one, of a ſimilar kind, in the neighbouring rocks at Boſavern, was alſo ſaid to have formed a ſeat for a giant. The Giant's Chair is ſtill ſhown at Boſworlas, as are alſo the Giant's Table, and his ſteps leading up into the chair. Boſworlas Lehau looks at a diſtance as if it conſiſted of one immenſe flat piece of granite on the top of a large carn.

On the oppoſite ſide of the road to St. Juſt, and above a mile diſtant from it, riſes, at a height of ſix hundred and fourty feet above the level of the ſea, the ſingularly fantaſtic group of rocks called Carn Kenidjack, and, anciently, Carn Nidgi. Borlaſe tranſlates the name as the Hooting Carn, an appropriate title for a pile of rock gloomy in itſelf and deſolate in its ſituation; but the etymology he ſuggeſts may reaſonably admit of doubt. That worthy antiquary was ſomewhat perplexed becauſe he could find no rock-baſon upon it. "This vaſt carn," he obſerves, "has not one rock-baſon to be diſcovered

on any of its flat ſtones, which is very remarkable, and makes me think that it has either been pillaged for erecting Chun Caſtle, or that the carn was appropriated to the rites of fire-worſhip. There are many rude pillars, and one exceeding long one, which lie round about this carn, as in places of Druid worſhip elſewhere, which makes me think that the Druids muſt have applied this carn to the uſes of their ſuperſtition; and, indeed, it is ſtill ſo magnificent a pile of rocks that it could never eſcape their notice or poſſeſſion." It is hardly neceſſary to obſerve that theſe conjectures are not ſupported by a ſingle tittle of evidence.

Kenidjack Caſtle is ſituated at the end of the rocks jutting out into the ſea to the north of Porthleden Cove, and the remains of this ancient cliff fortification are ſaid to be ſtill diſtinguiſhable. Norden, in 1584, calls it Caſtle Carnujack, which he deſcribes as "the ruins of an ancient caſtle ſet at the very north-weſt point of the Land's End upon a

lofty craggy rock, where yet appear the ruined walls and forlorn trenches."

About half-a-mile to the ſouth of Carn Kenid-jack is an ancient ſtone circle, about ſixty feet in diameter, conſiſting of twelve upright ſtones, which are on the average three feet in height above the ſurface of the ground. The country people generally call this circle of ſtones the Merry Maidens. Near this are the remains of another circle, three upright ſtones only of which are now viſible. Theſe two circles are mentioned by Borlaſe, who calls them the Tregaſeal Circles, but gives no deſcription of them, although the latter had a peculiarity worthy of notice—a ſmall circular ſtone encloſure in the circumference of the circle itſelf. Near theſe is a ſmall pile of rock called Carn Vres, the Rock of Judgment, which appears doomed for the ſake of its granite. There are ſeveral barrows in the vicinity of this carn.

The large ſtones ſcattered, as in this locality, over the uncultivated or partly cultivated land,

being large weather-worn blocks of granite imbedded in the ſoil, are called under the general title of moor-ſtone. Much of the land has been cleared of them during the paſt half century, but although the proceſs of clearing has been proceeding for centuries, many hundreds of acres are ſtill covered with them. "Notwithſtanding their natural obdurity," obſerves Norden, (temp. Elizabeth), "the country people have a device to cleave them with wedges like logs of wood, of very great length, and of what quantity of body they liſt; ſo that they make of them, inſtead of timber, main-poſts for their houſes, door-poſts, chimney and window pieces, and, above all, ſupporters for their out-houſes of greateſt receipt." This deſcription equally applies to the proceſs going on at the preſent day, the only obſtacle ariſing from the circumſtance that, as a general rule, the expenſe of clearing is too great to yield a good percentage for the outlay. It ſeems ſtrange that ſteam, or, at all events, more powerful machinery is not uſed for the purpoſe. Until

within the laſt few years, moor-ſtones were moved, generally to form hedges, by the aid only of crow-bars and rollers, and it is aſtoniſhing how large are ſome of the blocks that were tranſplanted by theſe ſimple means.

At a ſhort diſtance from Carn Vres, on the common, are, or were a few years ago, two or three ſpecimens of the ancient holed ſtones, which have been conjectured, but without any premiſes, to have been uſed in Druidical worſhip. It is more reaſonable to ſuggeſt that they are in ſome way connected with ſepulchral memorials; and this is more than a bare conjecture, for the covering-ſlab of the cromlech at Trevethy is a holed ſtone, the hole being deſcribed by Norden as "an arteficiall holl eight inches diameter, made thorowgh the roofe very rounde." His idea, a curious one, was that it was uſed to inſert the pole of a flag-ſtaff in what he terms the roof of the houſe, the provincial name of the cromlech being the Giant's Houſe. The hole, as in the other holed ſtones, is near one end of the

ſlab. See alſo the engraving of one of the holed ſtones near the Roſmodrevy Circle in Borlaſe, p. 177, ed. 1769.

The Tregaſeal Circles muſt not be, as they have ſometimes been, confuſed with the Botallek Circles, which latter were ſituated not very far from the mines ſo called. The Botallek Circles interſected each other in a very remarkable manner, and the engraving of them, given by Borlaſe, p. 199, is one of the moſt intereſting and curious plates contained in his valuable work. Three of theſe circles appear to have been edged with two rows of ſtones. Other upright ſtones were outſide the circles, which were ſeven in number. It is deeply to be regretted that not a veſtige of the Botallek interſecting circles can now be traced. They were, ſo far as I know, unique; but a number of contiguous circles have ſometimes been found ſurrounded by a larger one. With our preſent knowledge on theſe ſubjects, we can only aſſume that monuments of this claſs are the remains of fanciful modes of forming ſepulchral

memorials. The fact ſeems to be that ſtone circles were favourite elements for ſuch ſtructures, but that they were diſpoſed at the fancy of the perſons who conſtructed them.

We are now within a ſhort diſtance of St. Juſt, where the chief object of curioſity is the ancient amphitheatre; but the remains conſiſt only of the circular bank of earth, outſide which portions of the ſupporting wall are viſible, ſo that, in its preſent ſtate, it is not of much intereſt. There are faint traces of a ſmall circular ſpot in the centre, in which perhaps the prompter was located, and whence the actors iſſued to perform in the wide concentric ſpace around it; a conjecture which appears to be ſupported by diagrams in the Bodleian manuſcript of the Corniſh myſteries. This amphitheatre, which was in a more perfect ſtate in the time of Borlaſe, is thus deſcribed by that writer,—"We have one whoſe benches are of ſtone, and the moſt remarkable monument of this kind which I have yet ſeen, now ſomewhat disfigured by the injudicious repairs of

late years, but by the remains it ſeems to have been a work of more than uſual labour and correctneſs. It was an exact circle of a hundred and twenty-ſix feet diameter; the perpendicular height of the bank from the area within now ſeven feet; but the height from the bottom of the ditch without, ten feet at preſent, formerly more. The ſeats conſiſt of ſix ſteps, fourteen inches wide, and one foot high, with one on the top of all, where the rampart is about ſeven feet wide." Borlaſe has alſo given a plan of the amphitheatre as well as a ſection of the rows of ſeats. It is now in a deplorable ſtate of neglect, and appears, indeed, to be the duſthole of the town.

This is, or rather was, an elaborate example of the amphitheatres, once ſo common in weſtern Cornwall, in which the ancient miracle-plays or myſteries were performed before audiences whoſe ſimple and earneſt faith precluded any idea of profanity in the repreſentation of ſubjects now and long excluded from the province of the ſtage. There is a graphic deſcription of the performances of theſe myſteries

in Carew's Survey, firſt publiſhed in 1602,—"The Guary Miracle, in Engliſh a miracle-play, is a kind of interlude, compiled in Corniſh out of ſome Scripture hiſtory with that groſſneſs which accompanied the Roman ancient comedy. For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome open field, leaving the diameter of its encloſed plain ſome fourty or fifty foot. The country people flock from all ſides, many miles off, to ſee and hear it; for they have therein devils and devices to delight the eye as well as the ear. The players con not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the ordinary, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand, and telleth them ſoftly what they muſt pronounce aloud; which manner once gave occaſion to a pleaſant conceited gentleman of practiſing a merry prank, for he undertaking, perhaps of ſet purpoſe, an actor's room, was accordingly leſſoned beforehand by the ordinary that he muſt ſay after him. His turn came. Quoth the ordinary,—'Go forth, man, and ſhow thyſelf.' The gentleman ſteps

out upon the ſtage, and, like a bad clerk in Scripture matters, cleaving more to the letter than the ſenſe, pronounced thoſe words aloud. 'Oh,' ſays the fellow ſoftly in his ear, 'you mar all the play;' and with this his paſſion the actor makes the audience in like ſort acquainted. Hereon the prompter falls to flat railing and curſing in the bittereſt terms he could deviſe; which the gentleman with a ſet geſture and countenance ſtill ſoberly related, until the ordinary, driven at laſt into a mad rage, was fain to give over all. Which trouſſe, though it brake off the interlude, yet defrauded not the beholders, but diſmiſſed them with a great deal more ſport and laughter than twenty ſuch guaries could have afforded."

It is ſingular that, with the exception of a poem entitled Mount Calvary, the ſubject of which is the Trial and Crucifixion of Chriſt, the only remains of Corniſh mediæval literature which we now poſſeſs, are ſpecimens of the myſteries formerly acted in this part of Cornwall. They are preſerved in a

ſmall volume, in the Bodleian Library, written in the fifteenth century, at which period the dramas were acted, one at a time, for ſeveral days together. They are very ſimilar in character to the well-known Engliſh myſteries of the ſame period.

About a mile and a quarter from St. Juſt is the fine and prominent headland, Cape Cornwall, ſo called, ſays old Harriſon, writing about the year 1580, "becauſe Helenus, the ſon of Priamus, who arrived here with Brute, lieth buried here, except the ſea have waſhed away his ſepulchre." On the iſthmus the remains of an ancient chapel are mentioned by Borlaſe as having been "about fourty-five feet long and twelve broad. The eaſtern end was faced outſide with hewn ſtone, and had a pretty window to the altar. The chapel-yard is encloſed with a circular wall of ſtone, and directly weſt of the chapel are to be ſeen the ruins of a dwelling-houſe which tradition ſays was a religious retirement." The chapel, ſays Mr. Blight, "was known as St. Helen's Oratory, and, with ſome modern additions, is now uſed as a cattle-ſhed."

At Brea, in the ſame pariſh, was another ſmall chapel, now deſtroyed. There was alſo another, a more remarkable one, on Carn Brea Hill, which is nearly ſeven hundred feet above the ſea-level. This has alſo diſappeared, but Borlaſe's account of it is curious and worth extracting :—" The chapel reſts on an artificial hill which, riſing on the centre of the natural one, is a hundred paces in circumference. You aſcend it by ſteps to the eaſt and ſouth. The reſt was walled round with large ſtones. The perpendicular height of it may be about twenty feet. It riſes into a conic figure. As this makes a large heap of ſtone, it ſeemed very probable that ſome other uſe might be intended than barely ſupporting the chapel above, as it is capable of admitting a large vault or grot. We therefore ſearched as narrowly as poſſible for openings, thinking that an hermitage might have been concealed among the ruins, but we were diſappointed, not the leaſt veſtige of that kind appearing. On the ſouth ſide, aſcending by a large flight of

ſteps, you enter by a ſmall door into the chapel, which is arched with ſtone well wrought." A curious account of this monument, as it exiſted more than a half a century before the time of Borlaſe, is worth ſubjoining:—"On the ſouth ſide of St. Juſt, upon a lofty hill, ſtands Chapel Carne Bray, that is to ſay, Bray's Sparſtone Chapel, and ſuitable to its name, it is ſituate upon the top of the moſt aſtoniſhing burrow or tumulus of carns or ſparſtones that ever my eyes beheld; artificially laid, together perhaps, upon the bodies of human creatures interred upon the mountain before the fifth century; on the top of which burrow of ſtones, which is about fifteen feet high from the ground, ſtands the chapel itſelf, which riſeth about ten feet higher, well built with moor-ſtone and lime, with a window in the eaſt, and a door on the ſouth of the ſame ſtones; the roof all well covered or arched over with large flat moor-ſtones, wrought with the hammer and ſtrongly faſtened together, the chapel being about ten feet broad and about fourteen feet long

on the outſide; and round this chapel may be ſeen the downfalls of many ſparſtone ſtairs and walks, by which heretofore the people aſcended to this chapel." Carn Brea Hill, with its pile of looſe ſtones on the ſummit, is a conſpicuous object for many miles.

The celebrated ſubmarine Botallack mine, near St. Juſt, worked under the ſea, with the waves booming and the bolders rolling over the heads of the miners, and its engine-houſes lodged in the middle of the rocky crags, has been too often deſcribed to require here more than a paſſing note. The village of Botallack is noticed by Norden, 1584, as "a little hamlet moſt viſited with tinners, where they lodge and feed, being near their mines." It is probable, therefore, that there have been mines at Botallack from a very early period.

Not far from theſe at Botallack are ſome ancient mines ſuppoſed to have been worked by the Phenicians, who, wiſe in their generation, are reported to have viſited the Scilly Iſles and this part of Corn-

wall (the latter being preſumed to be included in the Caſſiterides), "for the ſake of the tin," as it is ſomewhat ambiguouſly expreſſed in our Engliſh hiſtories.

On the coaſt, ſouthward of St. Juſt, is Carn Leſkyz, the Carn of Burnings, ſo called probably, according to Borlaſe, from the Druid fires kindled upon it. "Carn Leſkyz," obſerves Borlaſe, "is a large ridge of rocks deſcending from a very high hill in the tenement of Lechau to the ſea, and conſiſting of ſeveral groups, in the higheſt of which there is one ſmall baſon, about eighteen inches in diameter, its ſides about ſix inches deep; about five paces to the left of which, on the ſame carn, whoſe ſurface is planed or flat, is an oblong cavity five feet long, and in the ſhelving ſides of the rocks adjoining on both ſides are ſeveral little grooves or channels about two inches wide, and as many deep, cut into the ſurface, and running by the ſide of one another in a vermicular direction. They are certainly artificial; but what uſe to aſſign them I know

not, unleſs we ſuppoſe them the divinatory channels into which, as the blood of the unhappy victim flowed, either to the weſt or eaſt, north or ſouth, freely or languidly, into few or many of theſe ducts, ſo the fate of the nation, the army, or the ſacrificing inquirer, was accordingly predicted to be happy or unhappy." Theſe ſtones have been deſtroyed by mining operations. Carn Wythan, the Tree Carn, is near Carn Leſkyz.

From St. Juſt the northward road leads to Morvah. An agreeable walk from Penzance may be taken to Portherras Cove, near the latter village. The ſhorteſt way is that acroſs the moors, leaving Trengwainton Carn on the left, to Great Boſullow. Then take the road to the left until Chywoon Hill is reached. Paſs through the fields, and along the moor, keeping to the right of Chun Caſtle, and bearing to the left of Morvah, obſerving on a hill to the right a fantaſtic group of rocks called Morvah Carn. Paſſing onwards, a little ſtreamlet here flows between the hills over a rocky bed, forming

a ſucceſſion of minute falls, and inviting picnics in any part of its courſe previouſly to its reaching ſome iron works near the ſea. Pendeen Cove, with its white ſands, are ſeen on the ſhore a little to the left. Portherras Cove is ſpoilt by the iron works; and it is only the chine between the lofty fern-clad hills that will repay a viſit. The rocks called the Wra, or the Three Stone Oar, although five in number, are in the ſea nearly oppoſite. To the left is another chine, with a rivulet dribbling along it, ſtill more injured by the iron works.

Near Portherras Cove is Pendeen Houſe, an old manſion bearing the date of 1670, but chiefly intereſting as being the birthplace of Dr. William Borlaſe, whoſe writings are ſo frequently quoted in theſe pages. He was born in the ſpring of the year 1695, and died at Ludgvan in 1772, having reſided in the Land's End diſtrict the greateſt portion of his life. At St. Juſt is ſtill preſerved a ſacramental plate, the gift of his mother, Lydia, in 1699, and the family were and are of high eſteem in the

neighbourhood. Pendeen Houſe, though deteriorated in uſe, was, for the time of its erection, a good country ſeat. It is built of wrought granite, with taſtefully-erected chimneys. One of the family, Nicholas Borlaſe, of Treludra, was Colonel of the Horſe to Charles the Firſt. Of this perſonage the Doctor tells the following anecdote as to how he routed a great detachment of the Parliament army with only one ſingle troop of his regiment. "Yes," added the Lord Arundel, "by running away." "The truth of it was this,—the Colonel, being much preſſed, and making a running fight, had ſo much preſence of mind as to ſet a large brake on fire in the night, which the Parliament forces taking for the fires made on the approach of the King's army, immediately fled with great precipitation, and left them both bag and baggage, which he ſeized next morning. But, be this exploit attributed to ſtratagem or fear, the uſurping powers would never admit him to compoſition, but kept him out of the greateſt part of his plentiful fortune till the Reſtora-

tion; and he, with his whole family, were reduced within an ace of ſtarving, had he not gotten himſelf into a ſmall part of it by a real ſtratagem, by getting himſelf into the Protector's ſeat one Sunday under a pretended miſtake for another. Shifting to get out on Oliver's entering it,—'No, no,' ſaith he, 'Couſin Borlaſe, I am glad to ſee you here,' (for he was a profeſſed papiſt), and kept him with him during the ſermon; and withal, ſmelling a joke, promiſed his aſſiſtance on his preferring a petition for a maintenance, which he accordingly performed."

Maſter Nicholas muſt have been an acute perſon to have outwitted old Noll, nor was this the only occaſion in which he proved more than a match for Oliver. One day he waylaid the Protector in St. James's Park to ſolicit his ſignature to a recommendation of his humble ſelf to certain perſons in power. Oliver told him that he had no pen or ink with him. Mr. Borlaſe ſaid, "and pleaſe your Highneſs, I have both." "But I have no deſk here, or any conveniency to write upon," ſays the

Protector. "Write upon my back then, and pleaſe you, ſir," ſays Mr. Borlaſe. So the great man ſmiled, and the petition was granted.

Pendeen Vau, a celebrated ancient cave, is ſituated cloſe by Pendeen Houſe. Norden, in 1584, calls it "a hole or deep vault in the ground, wherein the ſea floweth at high water very far under the earth; many have attempted, but none effected, the ſearch of the depth of it." Perhaps Norden alludes to two openings, one from the ſea, the other in the land, which may have been ſuppoſed to communicate. It is unneceſſary to ſay that the ſea could never have entered the cave now known as the Pendeen Vau; but the inhabitants have ſtill a ſuperſtitious dread of entering it, ſo it is eaſy to imagine that any wild tradition reſpecting it would eaſily have obtained credence.

On the cliff downs, to the right of Portherras Cove, towards Morvah, are the intereſting and unnoticed remains of a large ſtone barrow. About half the encloſure of large ſtones that ſurrounded it ſtill remain. Inſide the encloſure are ſcattered a

number of ſmall ſtones. The diameter of this barrow is about eighteen feet.

Morvah, or Morveh, the "place near the ſea," is an inſignificant village, with a church rebuilt in the year 1828. Deſcending from the church to the ſea is a ſtream, the waters of which fall over the lofty cliff, and would form a cataract of no mean pretenſions, were not the amount of the water ſo trifling. One writer ſpeaks of it as a "mountain torrent,"—an image analogous to a ſtorm in a teapot. You might with equal reaſon, if any one emptied a bucket of water over the cliff at the Land's End, call the ſplaſh made thereby by that high-ſounding title. Alas—for we all love them—there are no mountain torrents in Bolerium! Norden aptly calls Morvah, "a moſt cold ſeat in winter." It is, indeed, in the bleakeſt of ſituations.

The road from Morvah to Zennor paſſes near a few places of intereſt. At Roſemergy was, I am informed, the monument deſcribed by Borlaſe as the Zennor Circle. This was an elliptical circle, nearly

ſixty yards in circumference, bounded by ſmall ſtones thrown looſely together, with an entrance, on one ſide of which was a tall upright pillar. No one at Roſemergy could give me any information on the ſubject, and, in all probability, no relics of the circle are now to be found. On the cliffs near this village is Boſigran Caſtle, a ſmall promontory of bold granite rocks, acroſs which the inſignificant remains of a thick ſtone wall are believed by ſome to indicate that here is a ſpecimen of one of the ſo-called cliff caſtles. A large block of granite in the centre, covered at the top with rock-baſons, is called the Caſtle Rock; and near this a large ſtone, ſcooped, as it were, through the top, is known as the Giant's Cradle. At the diſtance of a few yards from theſe, nearer the ſea, is an excellent logan ſtone, a ſlab of granite over nine yards in circumference, with rock-baſons on the top. A ſlight preſſure upwards, or ſtanding upon it, cauſes this rock to vibrate throughout its whole length.

Next through the miſerable little hamlet of

Trereen to the Gurnard's Head, the fine promontory of rocks ſo called from their bearing in ſhape ſome ſort of reſemblance to the gurnard fiſh, or gurnet, as it is more uſually termed. At Trereen Dinas, not far from the head of the promontory, there are the remains of a vallum of earth and ſtones; ſo that this alſo is conſidered to be the ſite of a cliff-caſtle. Far more intereſting is the pilchard fiſhery in Trereen Bay, if you arrive, as we did, on the occaſion of a fair catch. The ſeine nets had encloſed the day previouſly about two hundred hogſheads; or, in round numbers, five hundred thouſand fiſh. This is only a ſmall fiſhery. At St. Ives, as many as ſeventy-five millions of pilchards have been captured in a ſingle day; but here were enough to ſurpriſe any one unaccuſtomed to the ſpectacle,—the boats heavily laden with their ſilvery-looking freight, the flaſkets drawn up from them by pulleys into a platform on a level with the fiſh-cellars on the top of the cliff, and then, in thoſe cellars, to ſee the women ſalting and piling the fiſh in tiers of

layers, waggon-loads of pilchards with ſalt and cart-loads of pilchards without ſalt in every direction, men and women ſtanding upon pilchards, flaſketing pilchards, bartering for pilchards, talking of pilchards, quarrelling about pilchards, and, in ſhort, doing everything that could be done with pilchards, excepting only frying and eating them. One gets infatuated with the overwhelming and abſorbing ſingle idea of pilchards, and, before long, you enter into the fun of the thing, and bargain for a hogſhead, to be delivered to you, cured and fit for winter conſumption, in about ſix weeks. At the higheſt uſual market-price, the fiſh thus cured will coſt you ſomewhat leſs than four-pence a dozen.

Then onwards to Zennor, a ſmall village in a bleak ſituation in a hollow below a fine range of granite hills that ſpread hence for ſome diſtance inland. On theſe hills are a number of fantaſtically diſpoſed carns. A walk of a few minutes from the church in the direction of the ſea brings the viſitor to the Giant's Rock, a large block of granite, nine-

teen feet long, and three feet in thickneſs, with rock-baſons on the top. This is a perfect and excellent logan ſtone. It logs admirably, if any one ſtands upon it on the corner neareſt the church. On the further ſide of the church there is, or was recently, a ſtone on the Church-town Hill, called the Giant's Chair, and, on the ſame hill, a receſs in the rocks known as the Giant's Bed.

A boldly-riſing carn on the left-hand ſide of the road to St. Ives is known by the country people as the Burning Mountain. This name, according to tradition, originated in the following circumſtances. There once lived here a large ſerpent who made ſuch a loud unearthly hiſſing that the market-people were afraid to paſs through the neighbourhood,—a great inconvenience, as by this hill lay the way to their chief market-town, St. Ives. Various contrivances were reſorted to for the purpoſe of deſtroying the monſter; but all failed until it was ſuggeſted to ſet fire to the furze with which the hill was covered. This method either killed or frightened

the ſerpent away, for his hiſſing was never more heard; the people went to market in comfort, and the hill was always afterwards known under the title of the Burning Mountain.

Zennor Cromlech, nearly a mile to the eaſt of the church, is one of the largeſt in England; but unfortunately ſome years ago the weſtern ſupporter was broken, ſo that the cap-ſtone reſts partly on the ground. The weight of the latter is eſtimated at twelve tons. This quoit, as it appeared a century ſince, is thus well deſcribed by Borlaſe,—"The area encloſed by the ſupporters is exactly of the ſame dimenſions as that at Mulfra, ſix feet eight inches by four feet, and points the ſame way, running eaſt and weſt. The kiſtvaen is neatly formed, and fenced every way, and the eaſtern ſupporter is eight feet ten inches high, from the ſurface of the earth in the kiſtvaen to the under face of the quoit. The ſide-ſtones of the kiſtvaen running on beyond the end-ſtone form a little cell to the eaſt by means of two ſtones terminating them at right angles. The

great depth of this kiſtvaen, which is about eight feet at a medium under the plane of the quoit, is remarkable. There is no ſtone in it, and the ſtone-barrow, fourteen yards diameter, was heaped round about it, and almoſt reached the edge of the quoit, but care taken that no ſtone ſhould get into the repoſitory." This cromlech, and ſome others in Cornwall, were no doubt at one time concealed under large conical barrows formed of ſmall ſtones, the cromlechs themſelves being revealed by the gradual diminution of the latter.

Zennor cromlech was lately very nearly being transformed into another and very different kind of habitation to that intended by its original conſtructors. The following paragraph appeared in the Corniſh Telegraph of Sept. 4th, 1861,—"Zennor Quoit, one of our local antiquities, has recently had a narrow eſcape. It conſiſts of ſeven ſtones, one of which is a large granite ſlab which lies in a ſlanting poſition againſt the talleſt of the uprights. A farmer had removed a part of one of the upright

pillars, and drilled a hole into the ſlanting quoit, in order to erect a cattle-ſhed, when news of the vandaliſm reached the ears of the Rev. W. Borlaſe, vicar of Zennor, and for five ſhillings the work of deſtruction was ſtayed, the vicar having thus ſtrengthened the legend that the quoit *cannot* be removed. From Zennor Quoit you ſee that of Mulfra, and from Mulfra you behold the Chun and Zennor Quoits. This quoit is not ſo often viſited as ſome of the other cromlechs; but it is a remarkable group of ſtones. There are no other blocks of granite near. It lies directly between Zennor and Towednack Churches, about three-quarters of a mile from each. The view from the quoit is very extenſive. It commands a beautiful proſpect of the Briſtol Channel, and, eaſtward, the country as far as Redruth, with the Bodmin range in the diſtance."

Some time in the laſt century, when the rage for old china was at its height, a dealer in the Strand had a fine jar, for which he aſked the ſum of fifty guineas. This valuable relic happened to ſuffer

injury in a thunderſtorm; but ſo far from the accident deteriorating its value, the verſatile owner immediately advertiſed it as the only china jar in the whole world that had ever been cracked by lightning, and at the ſame time doubled its price. In like manner, an additional intereſt attaches to Zennor Quoit ſince it has obtained the diſtinction of being that Engliſh cromlech which has had the narroweſt eſcape of being converted into a cattle-ſhed. It is quite curious to note the commencement of the proceſs of transformation in the newly-drilled holes in the venerable blocks of granite. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! But even as it is, this cromlech has been ſo greatly injured ſince the time of Borlaſe, it has loſt much of its intereſt. Of the ſix ſupporters mentioned by that writer, three only remain quite upright, two others nearly ſo, while the ſixth has been broken into two pieces, and the covering-ſtone has fallen down on one end. Scarcely any traces remain of the ſtone barrow which once ſurrounded the cromlech. The whole

monument is on a gigantic ſcale, the top-ſtone meaſuring about fourteen yards in circumference, and ſome of the ſupporting ſtones being much larger than I have ever obſerved in ſimilar erections. This cromlech is alſo called by the country people the Giant's Quoit.

Norden mentions a fortification in Zennor pariſh called Caſtle Anowthan, which he deſcribes as "a craggy rock on the top of a hill near Zennor, ſome time trenched about and built with ſtone, as appeareth by the ruins of the walls." It may be worth the while of a local antiquary to endeavour to identify the ſpot here alluded to.

At Towednack, the pariſh adjoining Zennor, a curious diſcovery was made in the year 1702, thus noted in a manuſcript of Tonkin's,—"In 1702, in the pariſh of Towednack, between St. Ives and the Land's End, were found, under a prodigious rock of moor-ſtone called the Giant's Rock, a large flat ſtone, ſupported by four pillars of the ſame, an urn full of aſhes, with a round ball of earth by the ſide

of it, and in the ſaid ball fourſcore ſilver coins of the latter emperors, very fair and well preſerved." This would ſeem to have been a Roman ſepulchre in a cromlech. The ſame writer informs us that, "in the year 1700, ſome tinners, opening a barrow of ſtones, called Goldvaknek Barrow, in the pariſh of Wendron, came at laſt to ſome large ones diſpoſed in the nature of a vault, in which they found an urn full of aſhes, and a fine chequered brick pavement, which, together with the urn, they ignorantly broke to pieces. They found alſo, in the ſame place, ſeveral Roman braſs coins of the ſecond ſize, and a ſmall inſtrument of braſs ſet in ivory, which, I ſuppoſe, the Roman ladies made uſe of about their hair." Roman coins have alſo been found in other barrows in Cornwall, both in thoſe of earth, and in thoſe of ſtone. Mr. Wright, in his excellent handbook, the Celt, Roman, and Saxon, ed. 1861, p. 80, mentions ſimilar diſcoveries in other places; one eſpecially in Belgium, where a cromlech with a Roman interment in it has been recently found in

the middle of a Roman cemetery. Roman coins have been alſo found in earthen barrows in Derbyſhire and Wiltſhire. The ſubject is worthy of an inveſtigation more minute than it has yet received; but from theſe examples it would appear that ſome of the Roman ſettlers in Britain partially adopted the provincial mode of interment. The diſcovery at Goldvaknek, which, it muſt be remembered, was made in a barrow of ſtones, favours ſtrongly ſuch a concluſion.

Hals mentions the excavation of an earthen barrow made in Cornwall early in the laſt century, in which was found an urn with aſhes, and in the urn a ſingle Roman coin, one of Gordianus, no doubt the coin depoſited with the deceaſed, which it was ſuppoſed he would require to pay his paſſage in Charon's boat.

We now return to Penzance, and commence another ſeries of walks in a ſouth-weſtwardly direction to Newlyn, turning to the right before reaching the Buryas ſtream to aſcend the pile of rocks

called Tolcarn, whence there is a fine view of the wooded vale through which that rivulet wanders. The name ſhould properly be Talcarn, the High Carn of Rocks; Tolcarn, the Heap of Holed Rocks, being ſcarcely applicable. Near this carn are ſome large ſtones that may be by poſſibility the remains of a fallen cromlech. Deſcending, note of two bridges the inland one of ſtone, with two arches and no parapets, probably a ſtructure of ſome antiquity. Newlyn itſelf is beautifully ſituated on the brow of the hills overlooking the bay; but it is a dirty fiſhing village, and one offering little to intereſt any claſs of viſitors. There are hardly any traces in it of antiquity, excepting portions of a few of the cottages that may be aſcribed to the ſeventeenth century; but theſe are chiefly ſo modernized as to be ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable. Perhaps the beſt ſpecimen of the domeſtic antique in Newlyn is a little thatched cottage to the right of the road before arriving at Tolcarn bridge, which has a ſmall penthouſe in its original ſtate.

Trevella Carn, between two and three miles from Newlyn, is an object worthy of a walk. After paſſing through Newlyn on the Paul road, take the way to Buryan through the ſmall hamlet of Sheffield, after paſſing which the firſt turning to the right leads direct to Trevella. The carn is ſituated a little to the right of the road. Its ſummit is over nearly perpendicular rocks, at the bottom of which is a large cavity, formed by a large rock leaning againſt the main part of the pile, known by the country people as the Giant's Houſe. On the top of this carn are ſeveral rock-baſons. At a little diſtance from this carn, nearer St. Paul, is another called Mimmis Carn, upon which is a diſpoſition of a rock in the form of a ſeat, called the Giant's Chair. Near this latter carn was an ancient circle of upright ſtones, which was removed about twenty years ago.

In the marſhy bottom near Trevella Carn is found the ſundew, ſo called from a drop of water which is ſaid to reſt in the middle of the leaf even in the drieſt

day; the country name for this plant is the Iſles. According to Borlaſe, "it is ſo very fatal to our ſheep, that they pine and die in every paſture where this plant abounds." And ſo they may, for the ſundew is found only in marſhy ground, an unwholeſome place for ſheep; but the idea that there is anything of a poiſonous character in the nature of the plant itſelf is moſt probably fanciful.

At a ſhort diſtance in the direction of the ſea, on the oppoſite ſide of the road, not far from the farmhouſe called Trevella, is a ſingular relic of antiquity which has hitherto eſcaped notice. It is called the Roundago, or the Rounds; and is of the ſame character with the encloſure ſo called at Kerris, but it is in a much better ſtate of preſervation. The outer circle is a large elliptical encloſure ſurrounded by thick walls compoſed of ſtone and earth. In the middle of this large encloſure is a ſmaller one of an oval form, and ſimilarly conſtructed; a paſſage leading to it from the entrance of the outer circle, along which paſſage are ſtill to be traced the remains

of an avenue of upright ſtones. In the Kerris Roundago were alſo formerly the remains of a like ſtone avenue, as appears from the engraving of that monument given by Borlaſe.

A turn to the left, ſhortly after paſſing Trevella, leads to the pretty little green-hill encloſed valley of Trewoofe, on the weſtern ſide of which, a few hundred yards to the right of the road to Boleigh, is the curious ancient cave known as the Fogou. It is a long cave about ſix feet high, by four and a-half feet broad, the ſides formed of dry ſtone walls, the top of large ſlabs of granite reſting on them. Near the entrance on the left-hand ſide is an opening three feet high by eighteen inches wide, leading to a ſmaller paſſage formed in the ſame faſhion as the other part of the cave, and having another outer entrance. This cave was probably formed by excavating the ſurface of the land, the top of it being covered afterwards with earth, ſo that the whole, being nearly level with the ground, could eaſily have been concealed. It is in a good ſtate of preſervation, in

which it ſhould be allowed to remain, as it is probably the beſt ſpecimen of the kind now remaining in Cornwall. According to Borlaſe, p. 292, " at the end, fronting the entrance, there is another ſquare hole, within which there was alſo a further vault now ſtopt up with ſtones, through which you ſee the light; and, therefore, I doubt not but here was a paſſage for light and air, if not a back way of conveying things into and out of theſe cells, a property which other caves have as well as this."

According to Hals, ſome of the royaliſt party, in the ſeventeenth century, purſued by the parliament troops, were privately conveyed into this cave, where they were ſecretly fed by one Mr. Leveale, until they had an opportunity of eſcaping to their friends. This writer ſpeaks of the cave as being in the middle of an earthen caſtle or treble intrenchment. In his time one end of it was perhaps blocked up, otherwiſe it ſeems difficult to account for the following exaggerated deſcription,—" how far it extends no man now living can tell, by reaſon of the damps or

thick vapours that are in it; for as ſoon as you go an arrow-flight in it or leſs, your candles will go out, or extinguiſh of themſelves for want of air."

A few minutes' walk from the Fogou, immediately after paſſing the wretched little hamlet of Boleigh, brings the touriſt to the two remarkable ſtones called the Pipers; giant muſicians turned into ſtone for playing on the ſabbath to the dance at which the Merry Maidens were ſimilarly tranſformed. The Pipers are two huge pillars of granite, about three hundred yards aſunder, and are conſpicuous objects in the ſurrounding locality. Another tradition reports that they mark the ſite of a final victory obtained by Athelſtan over the Corniſhmen; but, unfortunately for the probability of this, there is no good evidence to ſhow that he was ever in this county. They are figured in Borlaſe, p. 164. Sometimes they are called the Giant's Rocks, and are ſtated to be the ſepulchral memorials of two giants; and occaſionally the Giant's Grave, as if they were the head and foot ſtones of the ſepulchre of one giant.

After viewing the Pipers, re-enter the main road, and obſerve ſoon, in a hedge on the right-hand ſide, what antiquaries term a Druidical holed ſtone,—a granite block ſix feet high, two and a-half feet wide, having a nearly uniform thickneſs of eight inches, and about a foot from the top is a circular hole ſix inches in diameter. It was a fancy of Borlaſe that to ſuch ſtones human victims, intended for ſacrifice, were tied. Now take the firſt turning to the right, and at a ſhort diſtance on the right hand is a large memorial upright ſtone, ſimilar to one of the Pipers.

We muſt now retrace our ſteps a ſhort diſtance, and, turning our back on the ſtone laſt mentioned, take the firſt turning to the left, and then in a field, after paſſing the next turning to the right, will be ſeen the celebrated ſtone circle called the Dawns Men, the Dance Stones, or, popularly, the Merry Maidens. This is a very perfect circle of nineteen ſtones which average about three feet and a-half in height above the ground, the circle itſelf being nearly ſeventy feet in diameter. There are va-

rious country traditions which account for the exiſtence of theſe ſtones. Some ſay that they were maidens who were transformed into ſtones for dancing on the Lord's Day. Others aſſert that a man is buried under each ſtone. All, however, agree that the ſtones are placed there by ſupernatural agency, and that it is impoſſible to remove them. An old man at Boleigh, who informed us that a farmer, having removed two or three of the ſtones on one occaſion, was aſtoniſhed to ſee them in their old places the next morning, was evidently diſpleaſed at the account being inconſiderately received with a ſmile of incredulity. Another ſtory reſpecting them is, that an attempt to drag them out of their places, although a vaſt horſe or oxen power was engaged, utterly failed, and that the cattle employed in the taſk fell down, and ſhortly after died. Drayton has mentioned theſe ſtones under the title of "our Buryan trophy," miſtaking them, as appears from his note, for the Boſcawen-un Circle deſcribed by Camden.

The Dawns Men is alluded to by Borlaſe as the

Roſmodrevy Circle, but he has not given any account of it. It is in all probability the circle marking the baſe of a large ſepulchral mound. Hals records that about here were found in his time urns containing bones and aſhes. The Pipers were moſt likely alſo ſepulchral memorials, but the era to which any of theſe monuments belong can only be the ſubject of uſeleſs conjecture.

The Dawns Men were no doubt ſo called by the country people becauſe the ſtones are placed in the order in which perſons arranged themſelves for an ancient dance, termed Trematheeves, which continued in vogue in Cornwall as late as the laſt century. Hence alſo probably originated the legend above mentioned; although it is to be obſerved that ſimilar tales are current elſewhere to account for ſuch-like circles of ſtones in Wales and in other countries.

In Borlaſe's time there were four ſtone circles in the Land's End diſtrict, each containing nineteen ſtones; a curious, although, no doubt, an accidental

uniformity. All theſe circles, namely, the Dawns Men, the Boſcawen-un, the Tregaſeal, and the Boſkednan, are ſtill in exiſtence, but ſome of them do not now contain the full number of ſtones.

Near the Dawns Men, in the fence of a field by the footpath leading to Borah, is another holed ſtone, laid down lengthways. It is thirty-three inches wide at one end, tapering down to ten inches at the other, and ſeven inches in thickneſs. The circular hole, five inches in diameter, is ſeven inches from the extremity of the wideſt portion. In a croft at no great diſtance from this there are the remains of a circle of ſtones, but moſt of them being thrown down and concealed by furze, they are not eaſily diſcovered. Four ſtones, however, are viſible riſing above the buſhes.

Stone-hunting in a melting day in Auguſt is not the moſt recreative of amuſements, and we were by no means ſorry to be ſo near Lamorna Cove, a valley which, although injured by granite works, on the Penzance ſide, is ſtill, with its lofty fern-clad

ſides, its jutting rocks, and a babbling trout-ſtream at the bottom, one of the moſt romantic ſpots in the Land's End diſtrict. To ſay how tired we were, how I pounced, for eighteenpence, upon a large diſh of trout juſt caught by a miner, and how I carried them in triumph to a cottage near the beach, where, when they were fried and ſmoking hot, with plenty of good bread and butter, all cleanly laid out on our hoſteſs' humble table, we enjoyed a meal that twenty times the coſt would not have procured us in London, can only intereſt the reader if he meditates attempting to encounter a ſimilar piece of good-fortune. Let it be remarked that the Weſtern Cornwall trout, though uſually of ſmall ſize, are of an extremely fine quality. They are not very often procurable, and are ſeldom, if ever, ſeen in the Penzance market; I can ſpeak, however, of the inhabitants of all the trout-ſtreams in the locality in the ſame favourable manner, through the kind preſents of a Penzancian friend, Mr. Henry Corniſh, one of the beſt amateur fiſhermen of Cornwall.

Lamorna Cove is between five and ſix miles from Penzance, and is beſt directly reached on foot by the road through Sheffield, keeping ſtraight on to Kemyell, and then a path acroſs the fields leads by a ſhort cut to the quarries near the mouth of the cove.

Two miles along the cliffs beyond Lamorna is the ſingular indigenous pile of rocks called Carn Boſcawen, where is the curious "penſile monument" deſcribed by Borlaſe, without a tittle of either evidence or probability, as the locality of ſome important ceremonies of the Druids. There is certainly no evidence, and, as far as I can ſee, no probability that a ſingle Druidical monument or relic of any deſcription is now to be found in Great Britain. Even with regard to Stonehenge itſelf, the theory of its being a temple of the Druids is unſupported by the leaſt evidence, the little there being at all reſpecting it leading to the belief that in it we ſee the remains of a gigantic mauſoleum in the middle of an ancient Britiſh cemetery which continued in uſe during the Roman ſway.

On the other ſide of Lamorna, between Carn Du and Penzer Point, is a large cavern called the Giant's Cave. "It is," obſerves Mr. Blight, "about fourty feet high, and runs in to a depth of a hundred feet; at the mouth the roof is formed of angular granite ſtones and clay; in the middle it is of ſolid granite."

From Newlyn is a pretty walk along the edge of the cliffs to Mouſehole, another ſmall town of fiſhermen. We here note on the left a mine whoſe works extend below the bed of the ſea, and paſs on to Penlee Point, which juts out into the ſea, and is diſtinguiſhed by a flag-ſtaff. On the ſummit of the hill above this is a ſmall building having the appearance of a ſummer-houſe. It is the ſtation of the men who look out for the ſhoals of fiſh that enter Mount's Bay, and ſignal to the fiſhermen of the locality. A quarter of a mile now brings us to Mouſehole, when note the Kiegwin Arms, an ancient building with mullioned windows, and a porch with a room over it ſupported by pillars. This houſe

is ſaid to have once been the reſidence of the Kiegwin family, and it is perhaps the only portion of the ancient town of Mouſehole now remaining. The celebrated Mouſehole cavern, a large cave in the rocks, with a canopy of ferns, and a colony of jackdaws, is a little way beyond the town. It can only be conveniently reached in boats; the way to its entrance along the top of the cliffs, deſcending thence amongſt zigzag ledges of rock, being an exceedingly awkward mode of acceſs. "The proper name of it is the Giant's Cave, only we do call it the Mouſe's Hole," obſerved our Penzance boatman.

The cannon ball that is ſaid to have killed Mr. Kiegwin, when the Spaniards deſtroyed Mouſehole in 1595, is ſtill preſerved in the village. "Jenken Keigwin of Mowſholl being kild by the Spaniards, was buried the 24th of Julij," ſays the regiſter of Paul. The ſame record notices the burial of James de Newlyn two days afterwards. It is ſaid that the memory of the deſcent of the Spaniards lingered with the inhabitants of Mouſehole and Newlyn until

within a very recent period; ſo long does tradition retain the remembrance of diſaſter and cruelty. Mouſehole has thus, however bitterly, obtained a corner in Engliſh hiſtory, which is ſome compenſation; and, doubly happy in fame, is it not alſo celebrated in the annals of Celtic philology?—

> Hail Mouſehole! birth-place of old Doll Pentreath,
> The laſt who jabber'd Corniſh,—ſo ſays Daines.

Oppoſite Mouſehole, a quarter of a mile ſeaward, is a natural breakwater, St. Clement's Iſland, an aſſemblage of nearly barren rocks, the larger portion of which are only a few feet above high-water mark, but on the right-hand ſide are ſome from thirty to fourty feet high. On the lower rocks oppoſite Mouſehole is a narrow irregular ſlip of turf, about fourty yards long by nine broad, portions of which are ſomewhat ſunk below the plain ſurface; and here was probably the ancient chapel dedicated to St. Clement, mentioned by Leland, no veſtiges of which, at leaſt none above ground, now remain. A little

ſamphire is the only plant on this iſland worthy of notice, and the growth of that, ſo far as we obſerved, was reſtricted to one rock.

Almoſt cloſe to Mouſehole, and before reaching the cavern, is a rock a little way out at ſea called Merlin Carreg, the Rock of Merlin, reſpecting which was a very ancient Corniſh prophecy thus given by Carew,—

Ewra teyre a war meane Merlyn,
Ara leſky Pawle, Penſanz ha Newlyn.

Lines which record the diſagreeable prediction that there will land on this Merlin's Rock perſons who will burn Paul, Penzance, and Newlyn. The prophecy did not appear very likely to be accompliſhed, for the rock is only partially uncovered even at low water, and could never make a landing-place for an enemy. Nevertheleſs, the Spaniards did make a piratical deſcent near this ſpot, and the ſuperſtitious dread of the impoſſibility of preventing the fulfilment of the prediction is ſaid to have prevented the Corniſh from exhibiting their uſual proweſs; the ſaying

thus aſſiſting to work out its own truth. A contemporary account of this invaſion is ſo graphic, and the exact localities named are ſo readily identified by the viſitor, that I am tempted to introduce it at length:—

"The three and twentieth of July, 1595, ſoon after the ſun was riſen, and had chaſed a fog which before kept the ſea out of ſight, four galleys of the enemy preſented themſelves upon the coaſt over againſt Mouſehole; and there, in a fair bay, landed about two hundred men, pikes and ſhot, who forthwith ſent their forlorn hope, conſiſting of their baſeſt people, unto the ſtraggled houſes of the country about half a mile compaſs or more, by whom were burned not only the houſes they went by, but alſo the pariſh church of Paul, the force of the fire being ſuch as it utterly ruined all the great ſtony pillars thereof. Others of them in that time burned that fiſher-town, Mouſehole. The reſt marched as a guard for defence of theſe firers. The inhabitants, being feared with the Spaniards' landing and burning, fled from their dwellings, and, very meanly weaponed, met with Sir Francis Godolphin on a green on the weſt ſide of Penzance (the ſite of the preſent eſplanade) who that forenoon coming from his houſe for pacifying ſome controverſies in thoſe weſtern parts, and from the hills eſpying the fires in that town, church, and houſes, haſtened thither; who forthwith ſent to all the captains of thoſe parts for their ſpeedy repair with their companies, and alſo ſent by poſt to Sir

Francis Drake, and Sir John Hawkins (then at Plymouth with a fleet bound for the Indies) advertiſement of the arrival of theſe four galleys, and of their burnings, adviſing them to look to themſelves if there were any greater fleet of the enemies at ſea, and to ſend weſt with all haſte what ſuccours by ſea or land they could ſpare. Then Sir Francis Godolphin adviſed that weak aſſembly to retire into Penzance, and to prepare it for defence until the coming of the country forces that he had ſent for. But they, finding themſelves in number ſomething above a hundred, wherein were about thirty or fourty ſhot, though ſcarce one third of them were ſerviceable, inſiſted to march againſt the enemies to repel them from farther ſpoils of their houſes. But while they were marching towards them, the Spaniards returned aboard their galleys, and preſently removed them farther into the Bay, where they anchored again before and near a leſſer fiſher-town called Newlyn. There again with all ſpeed they landed, and embattled in the ſlope of a hill about four hundred pikes and ſhot, ſending about two ranks of ſoldiers, three in a rank, up to the top of the hill to diſcover what forces or ambuſhes of the country might lie in view; who, eſpying none but thoſe that were returned with Sir Francis Godolphin from their forementioned fruitleſs march, gave notice thereof to their embattled company, whereupon they forthwith marched towards Penzance. Upon their moving, Sir Francis Godolphin moved alſo to enter Penzance before them; and as ſoon as that weak number were entered into the open green, being of three-quarters of a mile length, the galleys ceaſed not to ply

them all that way with their ordnance from their prows as buſily as they could. Of which ſhot though none were hurt, but only a conſtable unhorſed, without any harm, ſaving the ſhow on his doublet of the bullets ſliding by his back, yet many in fearful manner, ſome fell flat to the ground, and others ran away. Sir Francis ſent after thoſe that were entered Penzance before him, that they ſhould make their ſtand at the market-place, himſelf ſtaying hindmoſt to obſerve the enemies' order, and which way they would make their approach. Which done, he found at the ſaid market-place but only two reſolute ſhot, who ſtood at his command, and ſome ten or twelve others that followed him, moſt of them his own ſervants. The reſt, ſurpriſed with fear, fled, whom neither with his perſuaſions, nor threatening with his rapier drawn, he could recall. Finding himſelf thus abandoned, and the enemies entered the town in three parts, he was then forced to depart, the enemies beginning their fire ſome houſes behind him. The town thus fired, as alſo the forementioned little fiſher-town, Newlyn, they returned again to their galleys. By this time, towards the evening, the Corniſh forces increaſed in number, and, amended in heart, encamped themſelves on the green near to the town of Marketjew, and St. Michael's Mount, for defence thereof, and there ſpent out the night. The next day the enemy made ſhow to land again on the weſt ſide of the bay, but ſeeing the people, though few in number, yet reſolute to reſiſt, they deſiſted from their enterprize; and beſides, finding themſelves annoyed by the ſhooting of bullets and arrows

into their galleys where they rode at anchor, they were forced to remove them farther off. Soon after, namely on the twenty-fifth of July in the morning, came thither Sir Nicholas Clifford, Sir H. Power, and certain other captains who were ſent by the generals from Plymouth to the camp. As ſome of her Majeſty's ſhips were alſo ſent, who being come as far as the Lizard Head, and theſe captains to the camp, matters then go on in provident and orderly ſort; a plot is laid for intercepting the enemy by ambuſh, if he thruſt on ſhore again, whereto neceſſity muſt ſoon have preſſed him, for renewing his conſumed ſtore of freſh water; but within one hour after the arrival of theſe captains, the wind, which was until then ſtrong at ſouth-eaſt, with miſt and rain, to have impeached the galleys' return, ſuddenly changed into the north-weſt, with very fair and clear weather, as if God had a purpoſe to preſerve theſe his rods for a longer time. The wind no ſooner came good, but away pack the galleys with all the haſte they could."

In eſtimating the apparent want of courage that reſulted in the deſertion of Sir Francis Godolphin, we muſt take into conſideration the very ſuperior force of the enemy, and the wretched arms poſſeſſed by the Corniſh,—their number of ſerviceable armed men ſcarcely exceeding a dozen, to whom were oppoſed two hundred experienced markſmen. In plain

words, Sir Francis Godolphin had but a ragged regiment, compoſed chiefly of men who were unuſed to the noiſe of ordnance, and ſo were not proof againſt the broadſides thundered from Newlyn Bay, to ſay nothing of the effect produced upon their minds by the ancient prophecy. To render the above account intelligible, we muſt ſuppoſe that the Corniſh had gone to Paul and Mouſehole in ſearch of the enemy, and had returned nearly into Penzance before the Spaniards reconnoitered on the hill above Newlyn. Had there been an opportunity, the errors of the firſt day would no doubt have been nobly retrieved by the gallant little band encamped upon that ſame eaſtern green, where, in our own time, ſome of the trueſt hearts and beſt markſmen of Penzance exhibit a proficiency which probably will, if ever required, ſuſtain the military laurels of Cornwall.

Several traditions reſpecting this deſcent of the Spaniards have been handed down to preſent times. It is ſaid that they collected the material they uſed

when they fired Paul Church from ſome women carrying wood and furze, whom they compelled to depoſit their burdens in the porch, the door of which they ſet open to receive the current of a ſtrong ſouth wind. It is believed that ſome portions of the church eſcaped the effects of the conflagration, and it is ſaid that when the roof of the ſouthern porch was repaired ſome years ago, a wooden ſupporter of the roof exhibited marks of the fire that had partially injured it. I am told that the late ſexton of the church obſerved ſome molten lead in a corner of the tower, when ſome boarding was temporarily removed. Another tradition is that a farmer cunningly ſet his furze-rick on fire, and ran from it in apparent trepidation; whence the Spaniards, thinking that one of the parties had fired the farm buildings, paſſed by without injuring them. Theſe are recorded by Polwhele, who adds another, which, it is to be hoped, is deſtitute of foundation. It is to the effect that a farmer's wife, finding a Spaniard drunk and aſleep in a cornfield, cut his throat with a ſickle.

A ſhort walk up the hill from Mouſehole, paſſing on the right an illegible tablet that once recorded the fact of a barbarous murder committed on that ſpot, brings us to the village of Paul, the laſt reſting-place of old Dolly Pentreath. It is a ſtrange inſtance of the caprices of fame that an illiterate old fiſherwoman ſhould, by the accident of having been the laſt who could fluently talk the ancient Corniſh language, not only be the moſt celebrated of all the worthies of Mouſehole, but be deemed deſerving of a handſome monument recently erected to her memory by a foreign prince. This memorial ſtands in a conſpicuous poſition in the wall of the churchyard of Paul, perhaps near the ſpot where tradition ſays that ſhe was interred, but previouſly to its erection laſt year, 1860, no monument of any deſcription marked the place of her ſepulture. It is hardly neceſſary to mention that the ludicrous epitaph upon her ſo frequently printed is a fabrication; one, however, which impoſed upon my late old friend, John Britton, and ſome others:—

Old Doll Pentreath, one hundred ag'd and two,
Deceas'd and buried in Paul pariſh too;
Not in the church with people great and high,
But in the churchyard doth old Dolly lie.

It was the Corniſh of this abſurd elegy which was ſaid to have been inſcribed on her tombſtone. Dolly could not have been much more than ninety years of age at the time of her death in December 1777, ſo that the writer of her epitaph added a dozen years or ſo of his own accord. The beſt, and moſt authentic account of her is that furniſhed by Dr. Borlaſe of Caſtle Horneck, about the year 1774,—"Dolly Pentreath is ſhort of ſtature, and bends very much with old age, being in her eighty-ſeventh year, ſo luſty, however, as to walk hither (that is, to Caſtle Horneck) above three miles in bad weather in the morning, and back again. She is ſomewhat deaf, but her intellects ſeemingly not impaired. She does at this time talk Corniſh as readily as others do Engliſh, being bred up from a child to know no other language; nor could ſhe, if we may believe

her, talk a word of Engliſh before ſhe was paſt twenty years of age: as her father being a fiſherman, ſhe was ſent with fiſh to Penzance at twelve years old, and ſold them in the Corniſh language, which the inhabitants in general, even the gentry, did then well underſtand. She is poſitive, however, that there is neither in Mouſehole, nor in any other part of the county, any perſon who knows anything of it, or at leaſt can converſe in it. She is poor, and maintained partly by the pariſh, and partly by fortune-telling and gabbling of Corniſh." This lucid account may be favourably contraſted with the ſtrangely unſatisfactory notice given by Daines Barrington, who, although he went to Mouſehole purpoſely to aſcertain whether ſhe did talk Corniſh, contented himſelf with liſtening to her ſpeaking "in an angry tone of voice for two or three minutes, and in a language which ſounded very like Welſh." The balance of evidence is certainly in favour of Dolly being the laſt who could talk the ancient Corniſh at all fluently; but even after her day there were old

people who could ſpeak a few ſentences of it. It would not be fair to ſnatch away her laurels on this account, and thoſe who would deprive her of her title to them cannot adduce evidence of more. Contemporary with Dolly was one William Bodener, a fiſherman of Mouſehole, who is ſaid to have been able to converſe with her in Corniſh. An old fiſherwoman of Newlyn, not far off eighty, aſſured me, in the year 1861, that her mother, when ſhe was a girl, was accuſtomed to repeat certain ſentences in Corniſh not underſtood by her children. And thus finally periſhed, before the cloſe of the laſt century, the laſt oral evidences of the ancient language.

With all reſpect to the memory of Dolly, and to her claims to the diſtinction that has been awarded her, one can hardly feign to expreſs regret for the extinction of a language which, in the reign of Elizabeth, conveyed to the perplexed touriſt's inquiry ſuch a ſentence as the following,—*Meea navidia cowzaſawzneck;* which meant,—I can ſpeak no Saxonage or Engliſh. Nevertheleſs, even in that day,

according to Carew, the old Corniſh was being driven out by the Engliſh, and was chiefly ſpoken in the weſtern diſtricts of the country. Carew's words are,—"The Engliſh ſpeech doth ſtill encroach upon it, and hath driven the ſame into the uttermoſt ſkirts of the ſhire. Moſt of the inhabitants can ſpeak no word of Corniſh, but very few are ignorant of the Engliſh." This ſtatement is corroborated by Norden, who ſays that "of late the Corniſh men have much conformed themſelves to the uſe of the Engliſh tongue, and their Engliſh is equal to the beſt, eſpecially in the eaſtern parts. Even from Truro eaſtward it is in manner wholly Engliſh. In the weſt part of the country, as in the Hundreds of Penwith and Kerrier, the Corniſh tongue is moſt in uſe amongſt the inhabitants, and yet, which is to be marvelled at, though the huſband and wife, parents and children, maſter and ſervants, do mutually communicate in their native language, yet there is none of them in manner but is able to converſe with a ſtranger in the Engliſh tongue, unleſs it be ſome

obſcure people that ſeldom confer with the better ſort."

Even at a much earlier period Corniſh was not univerſally ſpoken in the county. Andrew Borde, writing in the time of Henry the Eighth, ſays:—"In Cornwall is two ſpeeches; the one is naughty Engliſh and the other is Corniſh ſpeech: and there be many men and women the which cannot ſpeak one word of Engliſh, but all Corniſh." At that time a traveller in Cornwall who wanted butter and eggs, would have had to ſay, according to Borde,—"Math, tath drewgh me eyo hag a manyn de vi;" and in bidding farewell the words were,—"Dew gena why." He adds ſome curious particulars reſpecting the Corniſh method of numeration:—"No Corniſhman doth number above thirty, and that is named Deec warnegous; and when they have told thirty, they do begin again, one, two and three, and ſo forth; and when they have recounted to a hundred, they ſay, kans; and if they number to a thouſand, then they ſay, mile."

About the year 1640, William Jackman, vicar of St. Feock, "was forced," says Hals, "for divers years to administer the Sacrament to the communicants in the Cornish tongue, because the aged people did not well understand the English, as himself often told me." There can be no doubt but that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, there were many people, especially in the western district of Cornwall, who were either unacquainted with, or had a very imperfect knowledge of, the English language.

Ray notes in 1662:—"Mr. Dickan Gwyn lives not far off the Land's End, in St. Just's parish, who is the only man we could hear of that can now write the Cornish language. We met with none here but what could speak English; few of the children could speak Cornish, so that language is like, in a short time, to be quite lost." Ray was in the neighbourhood again in 1667, and he then returns to the subject:—"August the 17th, we visited Dickan Gwyn, who lives in St. Just's parish, and had from him some Cornish words. He is esteemed the most

ſkilful man of any now living in the Corniſh language, but being no good grammarian, we found him very deficient. Another there is, Pendarvis by name, who is ſaid to be a ſcholar, who doubtleſs muſt needs have better ſkill in the tongue."

Scawen, writing ſoon after the Reſtoration of Charles the Second, ſtates that there ſtill were there old people who could only ſpeak Corniſh, and did not underſtand Engliſh, to whom the paſtor of Landawidnick had recently preached a ſermon in the Corniſh language, well underſtood by his auditory. The language at that period had become almoſt excluſively reſtricted to the lower claſſes of ſociety, who it appears ſpoke a corrupt dialect, not the pure Corniſh of the county's literature. In 1701, Lhuyd writes that the Corniſh was then only retained in five or ſix villages towards the Land's End; and in his Archæologia Britannica, 1707, he ſtates that, although it was ſpoken in moſt of the weſtern diſtrict from the Land's End to the Lizard, "a great many of the inhabitants, eſpecially the

gentry, do not underſtand it, there being no neceſſity thereof in regard there's no Corniſh man but ſpeaks good Engliſh." At St. Ives, in 1720, the Corniſh was ſpoken only by a few fiſhermen and tinners. From this time it rapidly fell into diſuſe; ſo much ſo that it was thought worthy to record, in 1736, that at that time there was an old man at Mouſehole who could hold a long converſation in the Corniſh tongue.

In fact, the neighbourhood of Newlyn and Mouſehole were the laſt ſtrongholds of the ancient language. As late as 1708, according to Borlaſe (Natural Hiſtory of Cornwall, p. 315) who was no doubt accurately informed, "it was generally ſpoken in the pariſhes of Paul and Juſt, the fiſhermen and market women in the former, and the tinners in the latter, converſing one with the other for the moſt part in the Corniſh tongue." By the middle of the century it had become obſolete as a converſational language, its memory, however, continuing for ſome years longer in the fragmentary recollections

of aged people who had been in the company of thoſe to whom it was a living tongue.

The Celtic language of Cornwall now only remains in the names of places and individuals. Take a few of the latter,—Penhaligon, Treſeder, Bolitho, Trewhella, Bakerleg, Trenwith, Penberthy, Tremewan, Cargleg, Trevorrow, Vingoe, Rouſſignac, Kelynack, Tremenheere, Rodda, Donnithorne, Trevaſkis, Cara, &c. Amongſt the names of ſtreets,—Trevarveth, An Nowan, Voundervoor, Trevarvell, Trengothal, Lafrowda, Nancherow, Leſkinnick, Redinnick, Buzza, &c.

Hamlet had not a better opinion of the veracity of the ghoſt than had I of the truthfulneſs of the recorded ſtatements reſpecting the great age attained by Dolly Pentreath,—great, whether it were ninety or a hundred. But where a woman has to ſtruggle hardly with poverty, as was the caſe with poor Dorothy, wrinkles ſoon appear, and the age of the individual can with facility be misjudged. That Dr. Borlaſe honeſtly conſidered her to be a very old

woman there can be no doubt. That ſhe exaggerated the real facts, not only reſpecting her age, but in other particulars in her ſtatements to him, there can, unfortunately, be as little. I had written the above notice of her before the whole truth flaſhed upon me, and its light arrived very rapidly indeed when I opened the baptiſmal regiſters of Paul,—an obvious ſource of information, which has hitherto either ſtrangely or deſignedly eſcaped notice. Will it be believed that this aſſumed centenarian died before ſhe had attained her ſixty-fourth birthday? Yet ſuch is, nevertheleſs, the fact, for here ſtands the written record, and in theſe unmiſtakable words:—"Dorothy, the daughter of Nicolas Pentreath of this Pariſh, was baptized May 17th, 1714." This plain ſtatement diſpoſes at once of the literal truth of the ſtory of herſelf ſhe related to Dr. Borlaſe: for it is incredible that, at any period near the year 1740, any native of Cornwall could be found in the county who could not ſpeak in the Engliſh language. Nevertheleſs, we have

the Doctor's own aſſertion that Dolly could ſpeak ſome ſort of Corniſh fluently in 1774, and the truth ſeems to be, that, bred up with a knowledge of it her powers of memory enabled her to ſpeak it during her life. At all events, there is a balance of evidence in favour of Dolly being the laſt perſon who ſpoke Corniſh to any effect, for the aſſertions of Pryce and others reſpecting more recent claimants to that honour are certainly not reliable. Dorothy Pentreath, as is yet remembered in the village of Paul, was wretchedly poor, and no doubt made the moſt of her knowledge of the Celtic tongue; but that ſhe was altogether an impoſtor is not credible.

It is right to add that my ſuppoſition of the new monument to Dolly's memory having been placed near the traditional ſite of her grave is erroneous. The general belief in Paul is that ſhe was buried in the older cemetery of that church-town. The date of her death, as inſcribed on that memorial, is alſo incorrect, ſo that on the whole the epitaph appropriately commences, "Here lieth," &c.

The provincial language of the Corniſh of the preſent day is hardly a dialect, but rather, for the country, a ſingularly pure Engliſh, ſpoken in a kind of recitative twang that it would not be eaſy to deſcribe. None of the recently publiſhed ſpecimens of the ſo-called Corniſh dialect convey this peculiarity intelligibly, nor do they preſent it in a form that would be eaſily recognized. A few ſentences may ſuffice. Aunt Betty, coming from a Chriſtmas party, "had a ben too forthey en teeming out her licker, and p'raps were a little boozy, and ſhe were found pon the ſea-ſhore, laid down as ef ſhe were to bed, and the waater were comed oop to her feace and flopping agen et, and ſhe were a ſaying quite genteelly like,—'Nat a drap more, nat a drap more, thankee.'" The people of the Land's End diſtrict do not talk in this ſtyle. Theirs is really good Engliſh, intermingled only with a few provincial words.

Whether impoſtor or no, Dolly Pentreath has made the reputation of Paul. Thouſands annually

make pilgrimages to her grave, and paſs on their way. Yet Paul is worth a viſit, were it merely for the fine view obtainable from the ſummit of its tower. If ſo inclined, and you can poſſibly diſcover an unappropriated ſpot, follow the example of your predeceſſors, and ſcrape the outline of your ſhoe on the leaden roof; then cut your initials in the centre of the ſhoe-mark, and you will have achieved one ſtep towards the immortalization of your foot. At the entrance to the churchyard, note a centre bench of ſtone: upon this every coffin, from time immemorial, has been reſted before it entered the ſacred precincts,—a cuſtom perhaps originally having a ſymbolical ſignification. No one in the village now pretends to explain its meaning, yet all attach importance to the obſervance of the time-honoured practice.

A cuſtom obtains in this village at the concluſion of harveſt which is called *gooldeyes*, when, at the harveſt-home feaſt, a bunch of flowers, ſuſpended from the ceiling of the eating hall, conveys the ſame

privileges which, in other localities, are conferred by the miſtletoe at Chriſtmas.

It was pleaſing here to ſee announced throughout the village the preſentation of a teſtimonial, ſubſcribed by all claſſes, to Mr. Saulez, their reſpected curate, then on the point of leaving. 'Such are amongſt the few inadequate tokens of the ſenſe of obligation, entertained by the people, towards their wretchedly under-paid working clergy, the many deſerving ones of which claſs would be incomparably better off if there were no church endowments, for the public would then feel it their duty to ſupport them in a manner that would enable them to maintain their legitimate influence.

If, when at Tolcarn, inſtead of paſſing onwards through Newlyn, we follow the courſe of the ſtream, we ſhall arrive, after a walk of a couple of miles, at Buryas Bridge, one of the prettieſt ſpots in the diſtrict. Then onwards, reaching Drift, a walk of about a mile on the Land's End road leads to the Tregonebris Stone,—a large memorial of granite erected in a

field near the right-hand ſide of the road. There is no hiſtory attached to it, nor, ſo far as I am aware, is it the ſubject of a legend. The ſtone borrows its name from that of the eſtate, which is ſo deſtitute of trees, that, as the ſtory goes, a Mr. Longer of Tregonebris was terrified by what he ſuppoſed to be an attack of robbers, when he firſt heard the hooting of an owl.

There are no fewer than five other large memorial ſtones, all within the compaſs of a pleaſant day's walk from Penzance. Proceed firſt to Buryas Bridge, keeping ſtraight on up the pretty hill that leads to Lower Drift, ſhortly after paſſing which, in a field on the left-hand ſide of the road, are the memorials engraved by Borlaſe as the "monumental ſtones at Drift in Sancred," and which he conſiders to mark the grave of ſome perſon of great note, the body being ſuppoſed to be interred between the two ſtones. They are rather more than ſixteen feet apart. The higheſt, covered with ivy, and in the centre of a hedge, might in the diſtance be miſtaken for the

trunk of a tree. It is nearly nine feet high, and of an irregular wedge-ſhaped form, about ſeven feet in circumference. The other ſtone is rather more than ſix feet high; the lower part of it is nearly rectangular, three feet and a-half wide by twenty inches in thickneſs. It tapers towards the top, which meaſures only eleven inches by ſix. From this ſpot are ſeen the Tregonebris column in one direction, and the Long Stone in another.

To reach the remarkable erection of granite called the Long Stone, the path by the road returns to Lower Drift, whence the firſt turning to the right leads to the farm-houſe of Treſvenack, in a field cloſe to which the ſtone is ſituated. Our path to it was in a ſtraight line over the fields and the hedges, a ſcramble, however, that hardly ſaved more than half-a-mile. This Long Stone reſembles in appearance one of the Pipers, being an enormous unhewn block of granite, of irregular ſhape, nearly fifteen feet high, averaging about nine feet in circumference, but ſomewhat tapering towards the top. Juſt out-

ſide the field, at about ninety yards diſtant from the Long Stone, is another ſimilar ſtone, proſtrate and imbedded in the earth, meaſuring about ten feet in height by four in width.

The Long Stone may be reached more directly from Penzance by taking the firſt turning to the left immediately paſſing Buryas Bridge, up a narrow country lane, revealing, as one aſcends, ſome of the prettieſt views to be found of the neighbourhood of Penzance, a portion of the Bay, terminated by the Mount, appearing as a beautiful lake, ſurrounded by a wooded and fertile undulating country, with the ferny hills in the diſtance.

That the Long Stone of Treſvenack is a ſepulchral memorial was confirmed by a diſcovery, accidentally made in 1840, which is thus related by Mr. Edmonds,—"While the tenant was ploughing near the obeliſk the ſhare was ſuddenly arreſted by a granite ſlab, eighteen inches ſquare, and two thick, covering the mouth of an urn. This urn is without any kind of ornament, is nineteen and a-half inches

high, fourteen inches wide at the top, and ſeven and a-half at the baſe, with two maſſive handles, each large enough to admit the hand. It was found ſtanding on its baſe, three feet eaſtward of the pillar, in a vault three feet ſquare, excavated in the ſolid rock, without any kind of kiſtvaen. The ſpace between the urn and the ſides of the pit was partially filled with wood aſhes and ſmall bits of human bones, whilſt the larger bones, and a molar human tooth, were found within the veſſel." A ſmaller urn, about ſeven inches high, was found in the ſame repoſitory. This diſcovery enables us to have a perfect notion of one kind of ſepulture that obtained in Cornwall. Taken in connection with the Boſwen Stone, deſcribed by Borlaſe, which was a ſimilar pillar, but in the centre of a ſtone barrow, we have here the only evidences yet acceſſible reſpecting the original uſe of ſingle upright monuments of unhewn granite; thoſe evidences leading in one direction, namely, to the concluſion that ſuch ſtones themſelves are rude ſepulchral memorials, or are portions of ſuch monuments.

From Treſvenack we croſſed the fields and moor in the direction of Mouſehole, to viſit another ſtone of leſs magnitude and intereſt preſerved in a field adjoining the farm-houſe of Chyanhall. This is a block of unhewn granite, irregularly ſhaped, nine feet in height, eight feet in circumference near the baſe, but tapering towards the top in a wedge-like form. It now anſwers the ignoble purpoſe of a rubbing-poſt for the cattle; but that it was not one originally is clear, not only from its large ſize, but from the tradition of the neighbourhood that it is a memorial belonging to very ancient times. The labour of moving and erecting ſuch large blocks preclude, as a general rule, any ſuch ſuppoſition. A very old man at the farm informed me that it had been there all his days, and had always been ſpoken of as a ſtone erected by "the ancient people." Hence to Penzance by a ſhorter way through the pretty little village of Tredavoc.

If there is time, when at Chyanhall pay a viſit to the remains of the Kerris Roundago, which are only

about half-a-mile diſtant. This monument, as it exiſted a century ago, is thus deſcribed by Borlaſe, ed. 1769, p. 198,—"In the tenement of Kerris there is an oval encloſure, about fifty-two paces from north to ſouth, and thirty-four wide from eaſt to weſt. At the ſouthern termination ſtand four rude pillars about eight feet high, at the foot of which lie ſome large long ſtones, which I am apt to think did formerly reſt upon theſe pillars. The plan on which theſe pillars ſtand is eighteen feet from north to ſouth, and eleven feet wide." About twenty years ago, a large portion of the oval encloſure was removed for the ſake of enlarging the adjacent field. At the ſame time, the upright and fallen ſtones inſide the entrance were taken away, and the entrance itſelf filled up by a Corniſh hedge, the two upright ſtones, one on each ſide of it, ſtill, however, remaining, and forming conſpicuous objects. I was informed that the walls of this Roundago were once very thick, wide enough, in fact, for a cart to be driven along the top, but that they were narrowed

in order that ſo much ground ſhould not be waſted by them. Borlaſe alſo informs us that "on the outſide edge of the Roundago there is a kiſtvaen, or ſepulchral ſtone cavity," no trace of which apparently now remains. According to Gilbert, it is reported among the inhabitants of the neighbourhood that the horſes which were employed in drawing off the ſtones from this monument, and which were then young and healthy, died before they had completed their work. Theſe kinds of rumours ſerve to ſhow the extent of ſuperſtitious veneration with which ſuch remains are ſtill regarded.

After paſſing the Tregonebris Stone, the firſt turning to the left, half-a-mile onwards, enters a winding road which leads to the celebrated circle of Boſcawen-un. Note, on the right-hand ſide of this lane, before reaching the farm-houſe, a large upright ſtone, about ten feet in height, in ſhape and character very ſimilar to that at Tregonebris. This circle is now much injured by an earthen hedge which biſects it, but it is ſtill an intereſting monu-

ment. In Borlaſe's time there were nineteen ſtones, only one of which had fallen. Now there are eighteen ſtones, two of which have fallen down, and one is partially inſerted in the hedge. Theſe ſtones average four feet in height above the ground. Near the centre of the circle is a large ſtone about eight feet high, no doubt anciently erect, but now, as in the time of Borlaſe, inclined from the perpendicular. Near the ſtone inſerted in the hedge are two ſlabs in the ground, preſumed by Borlaſe to be the remains of a cromlech, but which appear to me to be merely undiſturbed granite cropping out of the earth.

The circle of Boſcawen-un has been oftener deſcribed and engraved than any other in Cornwall, the reaſon being perhaps that it was noticed by Camden, and ſo became familiar to topographers. Any early accounts of theſe remains are intereſting, as they ſhow what, if any, alterations Time has made in their appearance. Camden's words are,—"in a place called Biſcaw Woune are nineteen ſtones in a circle,

twelve feet from each other, and in the centre ſtands one much larger than the reſt. This may be ſuppoſed to have been ſome trophy of the Romans under the later emperors, or of Athelſtan the Saxon when he had reduced the Danmonii." It is clear from this that the circle has remained nearly unaltered for upwards of two centuries and a-half.

At a very ſhort diſtance from the Boſcawen-un Circle, and within ſight of it, is the little carn of Creeg Tol, a ſmall collection of granite rocks, on ſome of which are ſmall baſons. This carn is circular, and, although partly natural, it is poſſible that it may owe its ſhape, in ſome meaſure, to the hand of man. There has perhaps been at one time a double circular wall. A giant ſtood here on one occaſion, perhaps for the ſake of a good poſition for quoiting. He had heavy boots on, which, aided by his weight, left marks in the rock that are ſtill known as the Giant's Footſteps.

It is an eaſy ramble on the other ſide of the Land's End road, if they are not included in a day

devoted to the exploration of Sancreed, to Caer Bran, Bartinney, and St. Euny. Caer Bran, interpreted by Lhuyd to mean the Court or Palace of Brennus, is now often called by the country people Brahane Ring. It conſiſts of a flat piece of ground on the top of the hill over Brahane, encloſed by a large high circular vallum, ſurrounded by a deep ditch. Portions of an inner vallum near the outer one are traceable, and in the centre of the whole are the remains of a ſmall circular encloſure. In Borlaſe's time the inner vallum appears to have been a perfect circular wall, but nearly all the ſtones have now been carried away. On the next hill, the dreary one of Bartinney, is a monument of ſomewhat ſimilar deſcription, but it is in a ſad ſtate of ruin and nearly overgrown with turf and furze. The wide vallum that ſurrounded it can, however, be diſtinctly traced, as may be alſo the three circular encloſures near the centre, all mentioned and figured by Borlaſe. There is a tradition that there were rows of ſeats on the inner ſide of the vallum, and that games

or plays were performed in the centre. According to another, hence came the giants of Boſworlas Lehau, when they were inclined for a little recreation.

Between the two monuments laſt-mentioned is the celebrated well of St. Euny, ſupplied with pure water iſſuing from a ſmall ſtone-encircled ſpring. Two or three curved ſtones are all that now remain of the baptiſtery formerly here. Hither, on the firſt Wedneſday in May, are ſtill annually brought crippled or maimed children. At that period a bath is formed in front of the well by ſtopping up the courſe of the little ſtream with pieces of turf. Each child is ſtripped, and then made to drop a pin into the well itſelf, previouſly to being immerſed three times in the bath. My informant, a native of the pariſh, told me that he had hardly, if ever, known the proceſs to fail in giving relief. He alſo told me that the well was ſometimes called the Giant's Well,—a title that ſeems inconſiſtent with the attribution of ſuch great virtues.

Returning from St. Euny into the Land's End

road, we enter the latter at Crows an Wra, where will be obſerved an ancient wayſide croſs, the name of the place referring to it. From this ſpot to Sennen the country is flat and unintereſting. Sennen is an inſignificant village containing about twenty ſmall houſes and cottages. It is diſtinguiſhed by its tall-towered church, and by—muſt we add?—the ſign of its inn. Touriſts proceeding to the Land's End find the board inſcribed with theſe words,—"The laſt Inn in England." Returning, they ſee on the other ſide,—"The firſt Inn in England." A branch of this houſe is, however, now erected at the Land's End itſelf, to the prejudice of the promontory's ſolemnity of character, at the ſame time deſtroying the truthfulneſs of the quaint old ſign at Sennen. It would be curious to trace the period at which this whimſical inn-ſign was invented. It was at Sennen at leaſt as early as 1768, for Daines Barrington alluded to it in a paper written in that year.

At a quarter of a mile from Sennen is the hamlet

of Mayon, an inſignificant aſſemblage of a few cottages, only deſerving notice as containing a celebrated block of granite, three feet thick, with a flat top meaſuring about ſeven feet by ſix, called Mayon Table. The ſtone is at the back of a ſmall blackſmith's ſhop, and the tradition is that ſeven Saxon kings, about the year 600, paying a viſit to Cornwall to ſee the Land's End, dined at this table. Ethelbert, king of Kent, was one, and the moſt celebrated of the ſovereigns at this the earlieſt recorded picnic at the Land's End. According to another verſion of the tradition, only three kings dined at the Mayon Table on that occaſion; and there is a prophecy of Merlin to the effect that a larger number of crowned heads will one day be aſſembled at dinner around this rock previouſly to ſome great cataſtrophe, or to the deſtruction of the world itſelf.

Borlaſe, in his twentieth plate, p. 219, gives an engraving of "a monument of four ſtones placed quadrangularly at Treveſcan near the Land's End," but unaccompanied with any deſcription. Treveſcan

is at a ſhort diſtance from Sennen, nearer to the Land's End. I have inquired there in vain for any information reſpecting this monument, which is now probably removed.

" Not far from the Land's End," obſerves Carew, " there is a little village called Trebegean, in Engliſh, the town of the Giant's Grave, near whereunto, and within memory, as I have been informed, certain workmen, ſearching for tin, diſcovered a long ſquare vault, which contained the bones of an exceſſive big carcaſe, and verified this etymology of the name." The place alluded to is, I preſume, the farm-buildings now called Trevegean, which are ſituated near the coaſt about half-way between Sennen Green and St. Juſt.

The extreme weſtern point of the coaſt, the Land's End, is a nearly perpendicular cliff, the ſummit of which, at the extremity of an inclination from the land, is only about ſixty feet high. The granite cliffs here are fine, but not ſo grand as many others in the locality, and would count for little

were it not for the boundleſs view of the reſtleſs waves of the Atlantic. Were it not for the name, for the circumſtance of its being the point of Engliſh land neareſt to America, and the hiſtorical intereſt attached to it as the Bolerium of the Ancients, the "ſeat of ſtorms," the Land's End would hardly for itſelf be conſidered worthy of a viſit. As it is, however, it would be treaſon to venture to aſſert that Pen-von-las, the End of the Earth, as the Corniſh have it, is not one of the wonders of the county. To my thinking, the moſt attractive object here is the inceſſant chafing of the waves ſcattering their white foam againſt the dark iſlet rock of the Armed Knight. The great naturaliſt Ray, who was here in 1662, frankly ſays, —"at the Land's End we ſaw nothing remarkable." He is not the firſt perſon who was diſappointed with the over-praiſed locality, and I think I may venture to propheſy that he will not be the laſt.

But the Land's End, as the extremity of our local world, will probably ever have its votaries, or

if that conſideration be an inſufficient inducement, yet ſhall we have viſitors led "by the fable of Bellerus old." Bellerus was a Corniſh giant, whence it is ſaid one title of the promontory was derived. The name is now unknown to oral tradition, but there is a block of granite on a rock near the Land's End ſtill known as the Giant's Quoit, and in a field a little inland from the church at Sennen is an enormous ſtone bolder, eighteen feet long, called the Giant's Rock. On the top of this ſtone are three rock-baſons, one of which is called the Giant's Chair, one the mark of his foot, and one his baſon. A ſmall ſtone near this is called the Giant's Ladle, and in the neighbourhood was formerly a larger one of peculiar formation known as the Giant's Bed. On one ſide of the Giant's Rock they ſhow the ſpot where the monſter was accuſtomed to reſt his back againſt when tired. Theſe ſeem to be all the traces now to be diſcovered of the once famed Bellerus.

Now that we are on the ſubject of giants, the locality of the Land's End ſhould hardly be diſmiſſed

without alluding to the celebrity it obtained in the nurſery for ſo many generations as the birth-place of Jack the Giant-killer, whoſe father, "a wealthy farmer," here reſided. Jack's notoriety, however, ſeems to be now on the wane. Not even the Corniſh children of the preſent generation care to peruſe his hiſtory, nor do they retain in tradition any record of his proweſs. The chronicle of his mighty deeds is no longer to be obtained by the public, and may poſſibly ere long be altogether loſt to the world. I cannot afford the ſpace neceſſary for the complete enumeration of them, but the reader's curioſity may be ſatisfied with the brief account given by the hiſtorian of the firſt giant that he killed, he who was named Cormoran. The old and genuine edition, whence the following is quoted, is now of great rarity:—

"In thoſe days, the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monſtrous giant of eighteen feet high, and about three yards in circumference, of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of the

neighbouring towns and villages. His habitation was a cave in the midſt of all the Mount. Never would he ſuffer any living creature to inhabit near him. His feeding was upon other men's cattle, which often became his prey, for whenever he wanted food, he would wade over to the main land, where he would furniſh himſelf with whatever he could find, for the people at his approach would forſake their habitations. Then would he ſeize upon their cows and oxen, of which he would make nothing to carry over on his back half-a-dozen at a time; and as for their ſheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waiſt like a bunch of candles. This he for many years practiſed, ſo that a great part of the county of Cornwall was much impoveriſhed by him."

It is not likely that this printed ſtory was founded on the traditions of the county, but aged people have verſions of the tale in a different form. Thus it is ſaid that the plan adopted by Jack for killing the Giant of the Mount was by digging a pit

under a large ſtone, marked with a croſs on the top, which was ſituated on the ſhore oppoſite Marazion. This pit was ſo contrived that as ſoon as the giant ſtept on the ſtone he was precipitated into the pit in a diſabled ſtate. Some relate that the pit was filled with water, and that the giant was drowned. It is alſo ſaid that this giant uſed to walk over through the ſea to Mouſehole, his favourite locality for obtaining proviſions. Another ſtory ſtates that at one time there were two giants lived on the Mount, but that they had a quarrel in which one of them was killed, the ſurvivor no doubt being the illuſtrious Cormoran. I have heard alſo of the Giant of the Mount *and his family!*

The Armed Knight, perhaps named from the redoubtable Jack, has for centuries been a rock of note. An old writer, obtaining his information from traditional ſources, ſays that it "was ninety feet above the flux and reflux of the ſea, with an iron ſpire at the top thereof, which was overturned or thrown down by a violent ſtorm in 1647, and the

rock broken in three pieces. This iron ſpire was thought to have been erected there by the Romans, or ſet up as a trophy there by king Athelſtan, when he firſt conquered the Scilly Iſlands, and was in thoſe parts; but it is not very probable ſuch a piece of iron in this ſalt ſea and air, without being conſumed by ruſt, could endure ſo long a time. However it is or was, certain I am it commonly was called in Corniſh, An Marogreth Arvowed, that is, the Armed Knight; for what reaſon I know not, except erected by or in memory of ſome armed knight; as alſo Carne-an-Peul, id eſt, the Spile, Spire, Pole, or Javelin Rock." Norden, writing in 1584, deſcribes the Armed Knight as "a rocke poynting into the ſea at the Landes Ende, wher are founde a kinde of ſtone that will attracte iron."

The rocks upon which is built the Longſhips' Lighthouſe, rather more than a mile ſeaward, are conſpicuous objects from the Land's End. The Corniſh names of theſe rocks are Meinek, Carn Bras, and Tal-y-mean, but they are popularly known

together as the Longſhips. The Lighthouſe is erected on Carn Bras. Two men only uſed to attend to it, but in conſequence of a melancholy accident that occurred in the year 1807, a third has been added. On the occaſion alluded to, one of the men, cleaning ſome fiſh, fell over a rock and was killed, his companion not diſcovering him for ſome hours. The ſtate of the weather fortunately enabled the ſurvivor to ſhow a ſignal, and receive aſſiſtance from St. Juſt, otherwiſe he might have remained for days, or even weeks, with no companion but Death. The ſea indeed here ſometimes continues in a tempeſtuous ſtate ſo long that communication with the main land has been known to have been intercepted for three months at a time.

Seals uſed to be found at the Longſhips, as they ſtill are occaſionally in unfrequented places on the Corniſh coaſt; but they have been hunted without mercy, and are now of ſomewhat rare occurrence in all parts of the county. The following note is in Ray's Journal for the year 1667:—"On the rock

called the Longſhip they often, in calm weather, find the *phocæ*, which they call *ſoiles*, ſleeping, which ſometimes they kill by ſtriking croſs the ſnout with a pole, and at others they ſhoot them. Some of them, they ſay, grow to the ſize of a bullock of two years old, and they are of divers colours. We could not certainly learn whether they have four or only two legs, and them before; one, that ſaid he had often killed them, affirmed them to have only two legs, and them before. We had alſo the ſtory how they defended themſelves by caſting ſtones backward upon thoſe who came near them. Being ſhot dead, the male, they ſay, falls or ſinks preſently to the bottom; the female floats or ſwims."

A walk of a mile along the cliffs to the north of the Land's End brings the viſitor to Mayon Caſtle. Note, in the way on the edge of the cliffs, a curious granite rock, looking ſomething like a pile of gigantic ſandwiches. Mayon is a good ſpecimen of a ſmall cliff-caſtle, the rude intrenchments and portions of the maſſive walls being diſtinctly viſible. But

what is very curious is, that inſide the walls of this caſtle are the remains of a large ſtone barrow which covered a rectangular kiſtvaen, a portion of the latter ſtill remaining. This would ſeem to indicate either that the walls originally encloſed a tumulus, or that the caſtle is of remote antiquity, and was obſolete as to uſe in an age when barrows of ſtone were raiſed over the aſhes of the dead.

A little further on are ſome rocks, peculiarly arranged, called Cairn Men Ellas, abſurdly ſuppoſed by ſome to be Druidical. Nearly oppoſite is the Iriſh Lady, a rock in the ſea near the cliffs, but looking inſignificant by the ſide of the latter.

Lhuyd, in a letter written in 1701, gives a curious account of the then ſuperſtitious character of the people in this diſtrict:—"The Corniſh retain variety of charms, and have ſtill, towards the Land's End, the amulets of Maen Magal and Glain-neider, which latter they call a Melprev, a thouſand worms, and have a charm for the ſnake to make it, when they have found one aſleep, and ſtuck a hazel wand in

the centre of her *ſpiræ*." Camden mentions the uſe of ſnake-ſtones as a Corniſh ſuperſtition. The Corniſh ruſtics of the laſt century believed in a race of ſpirits,—Spriggian,—who ruled the weather, and could diſcover hidden treaſures, &c. They fancied that apparitions were moſt frequent at places where four roads met, a notion not even yet entirely extinct.

Some conſiderable remnants of ſuperſtitious beliefs ſtill remain in full force. A clergyman, whoſe veracity is unqueſtionable, aſſured me that many of the inhabitants of Paul to this day believe devoutly that the pixies control the miſts, and can, when ſo diſpoſed, caſt a thick veil over the traveller. Sometimes the fairies throw a light before his face that completely dazzles him, and leads him backwards and forwards, without allowing him to make any progreſs in his journey. This is called being pixy-laden; and a man lately going from Newlyn to Paul, as ſtraight a country road as can well be imagined, was thus teaſed by the fairies, and it was not until

he thought of turning his coat inſide out that he eſcaped the effects of their influence.

The village herbaliſts and rural adviſers have not entirely fallen into diſrepute. Many are the remedies, ſome no doubt beneficial, recommended by them. The uſe of ſome, however, are equivocal. Thus rheumatiſm is attempted to be cured by a "boiled thunderbolt;" in other words, a boiled celt, ſuppoſed to be a thunderbolt. This is boiled for hours, and the water then diſpenſed to rheumatic patients. I know not whether it be a libel that one old woman, who employed this remedy, uſed to expreſs her aſtoniſhment that, keep the ſaucepan on the fire as long as ſhe would, none of the celt would ever boil away.

If, after paſſing Drift, inſtead of taking the road to the Land's End, we ſelect the other, the latter will lead us to St. Buryan, the church of which, owing to its fine lofty tower, is ſo conſpicuous an object for miles round. On the right-hand ſide of the road, near the farm-houſe called Trelew, is a remarkable

looking memorial ſtone, ſlightly inclined from the perpendicular, nearly ten feet high, very irregularly ſhaped, eleven feet in circumference at the baſe, where it is nearly rectangular, but thinner and wider towards the top. Nothing is recorded of its hiſtory, but it is known in the locality as the Long Stone,—a term which has been ſaid, but I believe erroneouſly, to be the generic provincial name for ſuch a monument. Three-quarters of a mile further on, near the farm-houſe of Pridden, is another large ſepulchral ſtone, formed of an immenſe block of granite eleven feet high, from five to ſix feet wide, and varying from ſixteen inches to two feet in thickneſs. This ſtone is now in an earthen hedge of three feet in height, ſo that its magnitude is ſomewhat concealed.

At a diſtance of a mile and a-half from St. Buryan is Sparnon, a ſmall hamlet of a few cottages. In the fields between Sparnon and Treſidder there ſhould be, according to the Ordnance Map, a ſepulchral ſtone; but nothing of the ſort is to be

ſeen near the ſpot marked in that map, nor could I on inquiry diſcover that any memorial of the kind had been removed in recent times.—Since writing this, I am told that the Sparnon Stone was near the St. Buryan road, and that it was broken up and deſtroyed about the year 1840. If this is really the caſe, it is ſingular that no information on the ſubject could be obtained in the locality.

At a little more than a mile beyond Sparnon, paſſing through in the way Buryan Bottoms, the fine valley, or rather glen, which terminates at the ſea at Penberth Cove, we reach the little village of Treen, the inhabitants of which ſeem to be nearly all either guides to, or entertainers of, viſitors to the Logan Rock, or, as its name was always formerly, the Logan Stone. This block of granite weighs about ninety tons, "yet any one, by applying his ſhoulder to the edge, and favouring the vibrations, can eaſily cauſe the ſtone to log through a very ſenſible angle." The Logan Stone, in fact, requires management, and a knowledge of its diſpoſition, in

the perſon attempting to rock it. On the day we viſited it, one of the guides made it vibrate for ſeveral minutes by merely preſſing his back againſt one end, whereas four gentlemen, ſtrangers, exerted all their united ſtrength without ſucceeding in making the ſtone move in the leaſt degree. This ſtone was thrown down, in 1824, by ſome ſeamen, but was afterwards raiſed again into its original poſition by order of the admiralty. It is ſaid that it does not rock ſo well now as it did previouſly to its overthrow, and its appearance is certainly injured by the ſtone underneath it having been broken off at the edges in the proceſs of re-erection. This ſtone is finely ſituated on the top of one of the cliffs in the narrow promontory of rocks which juts out into the ſea beyond Treryn Caſtle.

This promontory conſiſts of three ſeparate groups of rocks, extending nearly in a line from the caſtle to the ſea. The Logan Stone is ſituated on the iſland ſide of the middle group, and on the rocks oppoſite to it, nearer the caſtle, are two large rock-

baſons, about fifty yards aſunder. That to the eaſt is formed like a ſofa, is about fourty inches wide, and is called the Giant's Chair. The other is known as the Giant's Lady's Chair, and the tradition is that they would repoſe for hours in theſe eaſy ſeats, lovingly converſing with each other. Treryn caſtle and theſe rocks were formerly inhabited by three giants, one lady and two gentlemen; but the latter quarrelled, I preſume for the poſſeſſion of the fair one, and one of them "ſtabbed the other in the belly with a knife," to uſe the words of my informant, an octogenarian who evidently believed the tale. After this occurrence, the two remaining members of the party lived happily there for many years. This is the only Corniſh tradition I have met with in which a female giant is introduced. The introduction of the incident of ſtabbing with a *knife*, the Anglo-Saxon and old Engliſh term for *dagger*, ſeems to indicate that this tradition is of great antiquity. There is a cavity underneath one of the rocks near here which is called the Giant's Cave.

Since I had noted this tradition reſpecting the Treryn giants I have heard of another in which alſo a lady is introduced. It appears that once upon a time a giant and his wife lived at St. Michael's Mount. One day the gianteſs ſtepped over to Marketjew for a large ſtone, which ſhe placed in a capacious apron ſecured by its ſtrong cords. In returning to the Mount the ſtrings of the apron broke, and the ponderous maſs fell to the ground, where it has remained to the preſent day. Traditions ſimilar to this are to be met with in North Wales.

Treryn Caſtle is one of the beſt ſpecimens in Cornwall of what are called cliff-caſtles, which may be defined to be formed with works that encloſe a promontory by means of a vallum ſtretching acroſs a neck of land from the edge of one cliff to that of another. In this inſtance, the neck of land between the main and the three groups of rocks previouſly noticed was croſſed by two walls of great thickneſs, the remains of which are ſtill viſible,

though much overgrown with turf, and the intrenchments are paſſed over, though generally unnoticed, by all viſitors to the Logan Stone. There are alſo the remains of an ancient ſtone wall acroſs the narrow iſthmus which connects the caſtle with the three groups of rocks.

That the cliff-caſtle of Treryn is of very great age can hardly be queſtioned, and we have diſtinct evidence that the remains of it were in much the ſame ſtate as they are now more than three centuries ago. It is Leland who records that, " yn the ſowth-weſt poynt betwyxt S. Juſt and Newlyn ys a poynt or a promontory almoſt envyronid with the ſe, wheryn ys nothyng but as yt were a hil encluſtered with rokkes as yt had bene yn tymes paſt a caſtel, and for the declaration therof there remayne yet toward the land ij. wardes clene fawllen downe, but the ſtones of them remayne ther very fayre and well quadrated. The ruine of the fortelet yn the poynt ys at thys day a hold irrecuperable for the fox."

This notice is very curious, and that theſe ſo-

called fortifications are of high antiquity I have no doubt; but were they originally caſtles of any kind at all? One can ſcarcely imagine it poſſible but that, if Caſtle Treryn were a military work, the ſeaward rocks would have borne ſome traces of an endeavour to faſhion the paſſages amongſt them into more convenient places of defence. A clue to the real intention of the founders may perhaps be ſought for in the circumſtance that, in the laſt century, there was a circle of upright ſtones in the centre of this caſtle, a fact which would lead us to believe that ſome of theſe intrenched ſpots were elaborate defences of ancient ſepulchres. Some confirmation of this conjecture is ſeen in another ſpecimen of the cliff-caſtle, that of Mayon, which encloſes the remains of a ſtone barrow, as previouſly noticed at p. 203.

To the weſtward of Treryn Dinas, at a diſtance of nearly three-quarters of a mile, is the cove of Polcarnow, with its pure white beach deſcending into emerald waters. About half way between theſe ſpots is an immenſe block of granite, one end of

which reſts apparently ſo inſecurely on a flat ſurface of a rock that the beholder involuntarily fancies that a ſlight puſh would ſend it reeling over the precipice. This ſtone is called the Giant's Quoit, and is ſaid to have been hurled by the mighty ruler of Treryn Caſtle from the top of a cliff about an hundred yards to the weſtward, where there is a capital raiſed platform offering an eligible ſtand for the performance of ſuch a feat. According to an old tradition, the name of this giant was Miendu, that is, Black Face.

Thence along the coaſt to the grand and oft-deſcribed rocks of Tol Peden Penwith, called by ſome in old time the Land's End, paſſing in the way near the well and church of St. Levan. The church-yard of the latter is ſo raiſed above the level that a portion of the building looks as if it were imbedded in the earth. There are two ancient croſſes, and near one of them a granite rock with a narrow rent in it. When the fiſſure is wide enough to enable a horſe with panniers to ride through it, the end of

the world is at hand; a tradition familiar to every child in the neighbourhood by the lines,—

When with panniers aſtride
A pack-horſe can ride
Through St. Levan's ſtone,
The world will be done.

A walk of two miles from St. Levan brings the touriſt to the logan-rock of Boſiſtow, a ſplendid and uninjured ſpecimen of this kind of natural curioſity. It is ſituated on the brow of the hill overhanging the cliff, is fifteen feet long, nearly ſix feet high, and about the ſame in width. A ſlight force exerted with your hands in raiſing the eaſtern end of this huge block of granite makes it log, and to its fulleſt extent, for you diſtinctly hear the other end of the ſtone knocking againſt the rock on which the whole reſts.

At a ſhort diſtance from this logan-ſtone is the romantic bay of Nantjiſal, where to the left, underneath a ſmall promontory of rock jutting into the ſea, the waters have made a high narrow triangular

opening in the bottom of the cliffs, preſenting a very peculiar appearance. To the right is a little ſtreamlet which forms an inſignificant caſcade over bolders down the cliff, and paſſes under a natural arch before reaching the waves.

From Nantjiſal, or, as it is otherwiſe called, Mill Bay, is a delightful walk to the Land's End. The rock ſcenery about here is very fine, eſpecially at Pardenick Point, where is a cluſter ſo remarkable for the block of granite which reſts ſo delicately on a ledge of ſtone, as if it were literally balanced on a ſingle point. It would ſeem as if one of the giants of old had amuſed himſelf by making a pile of granite blocks, and then poiſing a huge teetotum on the top of them, in which he has ſucceeded ſo admirably that the latter has remained to the preſent day, although it looks from a diſtance as if a puff of wind would at any time blow it off.

And now we almoſt ſee the ſteam of the inevitable train that in a few days will carry us away from this intereſting nook of England, this pleaſing weſtern Cornwall. Our walks in the traces of the Celts are for the nonce at an end. The time has paſſed ſo calmly, ſo agreeably, with always ſomething to intereſt or pleaſe, our weeks have glided away as days, our days as hours. And this beyond that paſſed in localities abounding in incomparably finer ſcenery, in all the grander objects of nature. Can it be entirely explained why this ſhould be ſo,—why, in the words of a poet who flouriſhed in the reign of the firſt James, and who was, equally with myſelf, an admirer of Penzance, I can faithfully recite theſe lines,—

> I love thee, Cornwall, and will ever!
> And hope to ſee thee once again.

I doubt it. Yet there are reaſons that can be given beyond the "great matter of inſtinct." People, at leaſt ſome people, do not want their ſenſes daily aſtoniſhed by ſcenery the effect of which de-

pends on the magnitude of its conſtituents. Then again, it is our native land, the legends and hiſtorical aſſociations of which ſhould ever claim an intereſt for us beyond thoſe of foreign countries. In few diſtricts of England can be found more curious traces of theſe than in this part of Cornwall. Yet of all the attractions ſurely the greateſt is the genial character of the people, which would almoſt ſuffice to make a deſert an agreeable place of ſojourn to a ſtranger. Diodorus Siculus, thouſands of years ago, obſerved that "the people who inhabit a promontory of Britain, called Bolerium, are exceedingly hoſpitable and courteous in their manners." The ſame holds true at the preſent day. It is a rarity to find a native, in however humble a condition, who does not diſplay that trueſt and beſt politeneſs, which ariſes from an anxious deſire to ſatisfy an inquiry, or a want, accompanied with a conſiderate patience and a genuine wiſh to pleaſe.

THE SCILLY ISLANDS.

Sing,—Ding-a-ding, dilly,—
Over the water to Scilly.

Nurfery Song.

IF you collect a large bag-full of pieces of granite, of different ſizes, and throw them down indiſcriminately into a ſmall ſhallow pool of water, you will probably obtain a tolerably correct model of the Iſlands of Scilly.

A ſtrange cluſter of iſlands, iſlets, and iſlet-rocks, about three hundred in number, diſpoſed in a ſmall circuit of leſs than thirty miles of a cryſtal ſea, flowing over the whiteſt of ſands; a capital place for a ſchool of ſmall boats to play at hide-and-ſeek in. Many of the iſlet-rocks are fantaſtic carns riſing above the ſea, ſome mere piles of barren rock, others of a ſimilar character though of larger extent, having a little ſcanty herbage on their ſummits; the group-

ing of the whole is exceedingly beautiful, and few more charming views in all Britain to be met with than is a ſight, on a clear day, of the iſlet-dotted ſea of Scilly, as obſerved from an elevated ſpot ſuch as is the top of the Telegraph Tower of St. Mary's. From this ſtation, all, or nearly all, the iſlands and rocks are diſtinctly viſible.

Theſe iſlands are of varied and ſome of groteſque ſhapes. An old writer compares them to a feaſt diſpoſed in the following manner,—"St. Mary's, a ſkate; Treſco, a ſide of mutton; Bryer, a dried ling; Sampſon, a leg of veal; White Iſland, a ſole; Annet, a lobſter; Agnes, a veniſon paſty; an iſlet near it, half a gooſe; Tean, a capon; St. Helen's, a ſhoulder of mutton; Bigger White Iſland, a bacon ham; St. Martin's, a plum-pudding; Great Arthur, and Great Gannick, a brace of rabbits; Great Ganilly, a breaſt of veal; Scilly, Mincarlo, Guahall, Iniſvouls, Northwithel, roaſt beef and ſteaks; Little Ganilly, a plaice; Ragged Iſland, a conger; Nornour, Minewithin, Round Iſland, Little Gannick,

Little Arthur, Rat Iſland, pies and tarts. The rocks and leſſer iſlands lying ſcattered about theſe are as oyſters, cockles, and ſhrimps, for garniſh; and the intermixed ſurrounding ſeas as the flowing tides of liquor to drown the care of the inhabitants."

Rat Iſland, obſerves Leland, was ſo called becauſe in it "be ſo many rattes, that yf horſe or any other lyving beaſt be browght thyther, they devore hym. Ther is another cawled Iniſſchawe, that is to ſey, the Iſle of Elder, bycauſe it berith ſtynkkyng elders. There be wild bores or ſwyne. Gulles and puffinnes be taken in diverſe of theſe iſlettes, and plenty of conyes be in diverſe of theſe iſlettes. Diverſe of theſe iſlettes berith wyld garlyk. Few men be glad to inhabite theſe iſlettes, for al the plenty, for robbers by the ſea that take their catail of force. Theſe róbbers be Frenchmen and Spaniardes. Saint Agnes Iſle, ſo caullid of a chapel theryn; the hole numbre almoſt of five houſoldes that were yn this iſle cam to a mariage or a feſt into S. Mary iſle,

and goinge homewarde were al drownid." It is ſingular that the memory of this diſaſter ſtill lingers in the traditions of the Scillonians.

Dr. Johnſon uſed pleaſantly to boaſt that he could repeat by heart an entire chapter in Pontoppidan's Natural Hiſtory. This chapter, ſeparately numbered, and pompouſly headed, *Concerning Snakes*, conſiſted ſolely of the following words,—"There are no ſnakes to be met with throughout the whole iſland." A ſimilar chapter might truthfully be inſerted in any work on Scilly, no adder or ſnake, or indeed any venomous creature of any deſcription, ever having been met with in this part of England. It is alſo hardly neceſſary to obſerve that Leland's notice of Rat Iſland does not hold good, at leaſt at the preſent day. Cockroaches, however, made their firſt appearance in this part of the world at Scilly, where, ſome century ago, they were regarded as rarities worthy the ſpecial attention of the naturaliſt.

Hugh Town, the capital of the iſlands, is only about fourty miles from Penzance, whence they can

be reached, three times a week, in a ſteamer, which is under the experienced command of Captain Tregarthen, one of the true Corniſh type,—kindhearted, conſiderate, and judicious, and conſequently a favourite with all who paſs theſe ways for buſineſs or pleaſure. It would do us good to ſee his cheery face again. If, however, I were to indicate a murmur, were it merely to ſhow that the praiſe is independent, it would be that his orders to the paſſengers are expreſſed occaſionally in too tender a form to take effect on ſome of the young ſwaggering lords of the creation, one of whom, on the day we croſſed over, neglected to accede to a polite requeſt to remove his cigar to another part of the veſſel. I am not ill-natured, but I felt not the leaſt commiſeration when, pacing the deck ſome half-an-hour afterwards, I obſerved the diſobedient votary of the noxious weed in one of the worſt ſtages of the diſagreeable complaint induced by the long waves of the Atlantic. So may it ever fare with all who rebel againſt the mild and gentle ſway of Captain Tregarthen; but it

would be more ſatisfactory if the rules reſpecting ſmoking were ſtrictly enforced on board the Little Weſtern. If people muſt ſmoke, ſurely it ſhould be no puniſhment for them to congregate where the fetid exhalations of their wretched tobacco can be reſtricted to one and the leaſt objectionable ſpot, inſtead of ſpreading them throughout the decks, and ſo rendering it impoſſible for any of the paſſengers to eſcape the inhalation of the hateful poiſon.

The moſt intereſting Celtic monuments in the Scilly Iſlands have been long ſince removed. Not a trace now remains of the circle of very large ſtones, deſcribed by Borlaſe as exiſting in his time on Salakee Downs:—"This was a great work of its kind," he obſerves, "the floor of one rock, and the ſtones round the edges of an extraordinary ſize." The ſame writer alſo mentions ſeveral other ſtone circles, none of which are now to be ſeen.

The moſt numerous Celtic antiquities now remaining are the barrows, and they are all of one deſcription. "The outer ring is compoſed of large ſtones pitched on end, and the heap within conſiſts

of ſmaller ſtones, clay, and earth mixed together. They have, generally, a cavity of ſtone-work in the middle covered with flat ſtones, but the barrows are of various dimenſions, and the cavities, which, being low and covered with rubble, are ſcarce apparent in ſome, conſiſt of ſuch large materials in others that they make the principal figure in the whole monument." This cavity is rectangular, conſiſting of two parallel low walls of dry ſtones, the roof being formed of large blocks of granite laid flat acroſs the tops of the walls. Theſe kiſtvaens are called Giants' Graves, and, up to a recent period, it was devoutly believed by the Scillonians that, if they were diſturbed, the giants would be affronted and immediately raiſe terrific ſtorms. Borlaſe was nearly getting into a ſcrape here a century ago, a tempeſt having occurred on the night following his inveſtigation of ſome of theſe barrows. His account of the opening of them, and of the ſenſation thereby created amongſt the iſlanders, is curious and worth tranſcription :—

" We pitch'd upon a hill where there are many

of theſe barrows, and, as the common ſtory goes, giants were buried, with a deſign to ſearch them; and on Wedneſday, June the third, 1752, having hired ſome ſoldiers, proceeded to open them. In the firſt we found no bones, nor urns, but ſome ſtrong unctuous earth, which ſmelt cadaverous. In the middle of this barrow was a large cavity full of earth. There was a paſſage into it at the eaſtern end one foot eight inches wide, betwixt two ſtones ſet on end. The cavity was four feet eight inches wide in the middle, the length of it twenty-two feet. It was walled on each ſide with maſonry and mortar, the walls or ſides four feet ten inches high. At the weſtern end it had a large flat ſtone on its edge, which terminated the cavity. Its length bore eaſt and by north, and it was covered from end to end with large flat ſtones, ſeveral of which we removed, and others had been carried off before for building the new pier. Fourty-two feet diſtant to the north we opened another barrow of the ſame kind. The cave was leſs in all reſpects; the length fourteen feet,

bearing north-eaſt by eaſt, the walled ſides two feet high; where narroweſt, one foot eight inches; in the middle, four feet wide. In the floor was a ſmall round cell dug deeper than the reſt. In this we found ſome earths of different colours from the natural one, but nothing deciſive. It was covered with flat ſtones like the former. In the afternoon it rained exceſſively hard, ſo that we could not proceed in our inquiries. The wind blew, and about midnight it was the moſt violent ſtorm, whilſt it laſted, I ever knew.

"You that are curious will think very innocently of our ſearching theſe repoſitories of the dead for the ſatisfaction of the living, but will you not be ſurpriſed if I tell you that it appeared in a very different light to the poor people of Scilly? The ſtory may make you ſmile. Thurſday morning, as the wind was cold and ſharp, and it was the day I had determined to take a view of the peninſula and town below it, I concluded it beſt to borrow a room in ſome proper houſe over againſt the ſubject I was to

draw. Accordingly I walked away from my lodgings near a mile to chooſe my ſtand. Here I met a perſon who ſoon began to talk about the weather, and to complain of the bitterneſs of the laſt night's hurricane, that it had almoſt ruined him and many of his neighbours, that their potatoes and corn were blaſted, their graſs burnt quite black, and their peaſe utterly deſtroyed. I little ſuſpected what the man drove at, but believing him to be in diſtreſs, pitied and endeavoured to comfort him, then went my way into the houſe adjoining; where, having drawn till I was tired, I walked out to refreſh myſelf by taking a little air, and chatting with the firſt perſon I ſhould meet. I ſoon met with a houſe which I thought at firſt ſight might be more proper for drawing what I intended than that which I had ſat down in before. The miſtreſs of the houſe, who was at the door, told me I ſhould be very welcome to the beſt room ſhe had, and, with the civility natural to theſe iſlanders, invited me in, began to make all the haſte imaginable to accommodate me by clearing the room

of what ſtood in my way, and deſired me to ſit down. Upon my aſking this courteous landlady ſome indifferent queſtions about her houſehold furniture, and the way of living and paying their rents in this iſland, ſhe told me that a few days before they were in hopes of a plentiful crop, paying their rent, and providing meat and clothes for themſelves and children, but that the laſt night's ſtorm was very outrageous; then aſked me whether we had not been digging up the Giants' Graves the day before, and ſmiling with great good humour, as if ſhe forgave our curioſity though ſhe ſuffered for it, aſked whether I did not think that we had diſturbed the giants; and ſaid that many good people of the iſlands were of opinion that the giants were offended, and had really raiſed that ſtorm. What the poor woman had ſurmiſed was become the common talk of the iſland before ſunſet, and the ſame ſuſpicion was everywhere even in the off-iſlands. On Saturday, being at Brehar Iſland, we were immediately aſked how much money we had found in the Giants'

Graves, and whether ever we heard a more violent ſtorm, concluding that everything they had in the ground was entirely ruined."

It ſeems evident, from the ſizes of the kiſtvaens found in the Scilly barrows, that the giants who formerly inhabited the iſlands belonged to a degenerate race when compared with their more leviathan brethren of Cornwall. Many of them were not more than fourteen feet in height, unleſs we indulge in the extravagant ſuppoſition that in the large majority of the graves were interred the remains of children, owing to ſome epidemic that ſwept away the youthful families of the Titans. Even the largeſt amongſt them could, however, have not exceeded the height of twenty-two feet, ſtill under the average of the Corniſh giants.

Few memorials of the giants of Scilly, excepting the tombs known either as their graves or their caves, now remain. In the iſland of St. Agnes, a rock with a large natural baſon on the top of it is known as the Giant's Punch Bowl, the term Punch

being probably a late addition to an ancient traditional name. There is no reaſon for believing that the giants ever indulged in ſuch a luxury. The bowl itſelf is ſaid to be ſeven feet in diameter, and three feet deep.

The appearance of the barrows which now remain gives the idea that moſt of them have been ranſacked at ſome period, moſt likely in the hope of diſcovering treaſure. The country people ſtill believe that valuables are hidden under ſome of them, and one was recently deſtroyed clandeſtinely, in conſequence of a man dreaming there was gold in it.

To this circumſtance may probably be attributed the fact that hardly ever have any ſepulchral relics been diſcovered in Scilly. Only in one or two inſtances, ſo far as I have noticed, has an urn with aſhes been found in any of the barrows. One was diſcovered in a barrow at Newfort in St. Mary's, about the year 1754. In another barrow, in St. Agnes, opened about 1785, "ſeveral coarſe earthen pots," containing aſhes and cinders, were diſcovered.

The people of St. Agnes ſaid at the time it was the grave of a giant, but they could not furniſh from tradition any particulars to account for the introduction of the urns.

A tumulus of large dimenſions, formerly on the iſland of Bryher, is thus deſcribed by Borlaſe,—"Keeping the higheſt ground we came to a very large circular barrow of ſtones ſeventy-ſeven feet diameter. Within this barrow are many kiſtvaens, and many of the flat ſtones which covered them lie here and there, ſome keeping their firſt ſtation, and ſome removed to make ſtands for ſhooting rabbits, with which this part of the hill abounds. This barrow, you ſee, was not the ſepulchre of one only, but of many." This tumulus appears to have been of a deſcription very ſimilar to the large one at Stoney Littleton, co. Somerſet, deſcribed in Wright's Celt, Roman, and Saxon, ed. 1861, p. 55.

There are numerous barrows on the downs in the neighbourhood of Dick's Carn, nearly all of which appear originally to have been formed in the

ſame manner, namely, a circular tumulus of earth, encloſing in its centre a rectangular kiſtvaen, the circuit of the whole defined by pieces of granite ſet cloſe together on their edges. In one inſtance I obſerved that a ſingle large block of ſtone formed one of the ſide-walls of the kiſtvaen. Another barrow, now diſtinguiſhed particularly as the Giant's Grave, was originally ſurrounded by a cloſe circle of ſtones, averaging two feet and a-half in height, ſome of which ſtill remain; the kiſtvaen being formed with two parallel dry ſtone walls, four large ſlabs of granite being uſed for the covering ſtones. In another example, there was a tumulus ſurrounded by ſmall ſtones, the tomb, or rather what remains of it, conſiſting of three upright blocks of granite with one large covering ſtone. This is the neareſt approach to a cromlech that I met with in theſe iſlands; but I ſuſpect that it is only a portion of a rectangular kiſtvaen of larger than the uſual dimenſions. It is a curious fact that, as far as can now be aſcertained, the cromlech was never uſed by the ancient Scillonians.

Woodley, indeed, ſtates that there were in his time three cromlechs on the top of Buzza Hill; but it is clear from the only remains now left, which are thoſe of a rectangular kiſtvaen, that they were not really cromlechs. This alſo appears from his deſcription of them—"The principal of theſe ſtands, or rather ſtood, for it is even now ſuffering demolition by the hand of man, in the centre, ſurrounded by a mound of earth or burrow about thirty yards in circumference, the whole being encloſed by a number of large ſtones, ſome erect and ſome recumbent, having two of a very large ſize at the north-eaſt, and two ſimilar at the ſouth-weſt end. The dimenſions of the cromlech were as follow,—length, eight feet; breadth, five feet; depth of the wall, three feet. Over the ſouth-weſt end of this, as well as of the other cromlechs, a large flat rock was placed, covering about one third of the vault." There is a windmill now on the ſite of the tumulus here deſcribed. About half-a-mile diſtant from this, towards Old Town, is a ſingular pile of rocks, with

a row (not artificial) of upright ſtones on its ſummit called Carn Wawvel. It may be mentioned that Buzza Hill was formerly the reſort of fairies, but I believe that no traces of traditions reſpecting them are now to be found.

The only other Celtic relics, excepting a cliff-caſtle, now to be met with are a few examples of the ſtone pillars, moſt of which, if not all, were no doubt ſepulchral memorials. A good ſpecimen of one will be obſerved at a ſhort diſtance from the ſea near the Telegraph ſtation on St. Mary's. It is about eight feet in height. Near this is a rectangular kiſtvaen, which is known by the inhabitants as the Giant's Cave. Both theſe monuments are in the vicinity of Bant's Carn. The latter one is formed of two parallel walls of dry ſtones, covered with three large top-ſtones laid acroſs the walls, forming a ſubſtantial roof. In front of this, partly embedded in the turf, is another ſtone which perhaps at one time cloſed the entrance.

"The Giant's Caſtle," obſerves Borlaſe, "is ſituated

on a promontory, which towards the ſea is an immenſe crag of rocks, as if heaped on each other. This heap or turret of rocks declines alſo quick, but not ſo rough towards the land, and then ſpreads to join the downs, where at the foot of this knoll it has firſt a ditch croſſing the neck of land from ſea to ſea; then a low vallum of the ſame direction; next a ſecond ditch and a higher vallum. Laſtly, near the top of this crag, it had a wall of ſtone encompaſſing every part, but where the natural rocks were a ſufficient ſecurity. This wall by the ruins appears to have been very high and thick." A few traces of this wall may ſtill be obſerved, and the intrenchments are alſo plainly viſible, the inner ones having, I think, been originally bounded or defined by dry-ſtone work. I have very little doubt but that this cliff-caſtle was formed either for, or in connection with, an ancient cemetery.

There is on this hill a large circular receſs, in a huge block of granite, which goes by the name of the Giant's Chair; and the ſame title is alſo given to

a ſtone near the Sun Rock. The latter is deſcribed by Woodley as " not above four feet high, and ſcooped out in a manner very much reſembling an old-faſhioned elbow-chair, having a ſtone in front like a footſtool."

About three hundred yards from the Giant's Caſtle is the very perfect outer circle of ſtones of a barrow, ſixteen feet in diameter. Theſe are good-ſized ſtones, ſet cloſely together on their edges. There are no traces of the barrow itſelf to be ſeen. At a ſhort diſtance from this monument are the remains of a much larger tumulus, about fourty feet in diameter. A great portion of the outer circle of ſtones, which are of large dimenſions, ſtill remains; but the kiſtvaen has been deſtroyed. One of the outer rim of ſtones is over three feet high, and others are nearly of the ſame height.

A logan-ſtone ſituated near the Giant's Caſtle is thus deſcribed by Troutbeck,—" On the ſouth-weſt ſide of this promontory is a rock about ten feet long, and ſeven feet broad, and near five feet and ſix

inches thick, which bears upon another rock with a ſharp edge, and is ſo nicely poiſed that with a gentle puſh it may be put in motion, and may be kept moving to and fro, like the beam of a pair of ſcales, equally poiſed, with a man's little finger, and after it is let go, it keeps in motion to and fro for a conſiderable time before it reſts and comes to its centre of gravity again. A child ſix years old has been ſeen to put it in motion, and to keep it moving, but one thouſand men, without the aſſiſtance of ſome mechanical power, cannot put it out of its place, whole as it now is." This ſtone is ſaid to have been thrown out of its logging poſition by ſome ſoldiers about the year 1814.

The Drum Rock in Porthellic Bay belongs to a claſs of ſtones called in Cornwall and Scilly by the name of tolmens. " The tolmen," obſerves Borlaſe, " conſiſts of a large orbicular ſtone, ſupported by two ſtones, betwixt which there is a paſſage." There is no reaſon for believing theſe monuments to be artificial, or that they ever ſerved any of the religious purpoſes of the Druids.

Of all the curioſities in the Iſlands of Scilly, commend us to the rocks of Peninnis, the moſt remarkable ſpecimen of diverſified and fantaſtic cliff-ſcenery to be met with perhaps in the world, ſurpaſſing in oddity, if not in ſolemn grandeur, anything of the kind to be found in Cornwall. And they are of no contemptible magnitude,—vaſt blocks of weather-beaten granite piled up in every imaginable and groteſque form, and preſenting, in all directions, Cyclopean examples of the animate and inanimate. Here you have a gigantic ſphinx, far more perfect in its Egyptian character than "the dilapidated old party" on the ſandy plains that excited the contempt of Mr. Brown, junior, from the top of the Great Pyramid. In another place a helmet, a cradle, and ſo on; all, of courſe, belonging to a giant race. Then there is an elephant, a hippopotamus, and all ſorts of big animals,—in ſhort, a muſeum of Titanic curioſities. Nor muſt one omit to notice the Tooth Rock, a ſeparate pillar about thirty feet high, readily diſtinguiſhable by its name, and ſuppoſed by

Borlaſe to have been an object of Druidical worſhip; nor the Monk's Cowl, the latter being taken by us for a cardinal's hat, one weighing perhaps ſome ſixty tons or more!

Near the rocks of Peninnis are ſome curious granite-baſons, which are popularly called the Kettle and Pans. In the largeſt of theſe was a foot and a-half of freſh water, the depth of the baſon itſelf being about five feet. Rock-baſons are, literally, "as plenty as blackberries" in the Scilly Iſlands, in every variety of form, and ſome in the proceſs of formation. Some few are formed ſo regularly, that, taken by themſelves, they might readily be conſidered to be artificial. It ſeems difficult to imagine, however, that any one, diſpaſſionately examining a great number of them, could be ſo miſled. The title of the Kettle and Pans is ſometimes applied to the rocks upon which the above-mentioned baſons are ſeen; but, according to our guide, the large rock-baſon here deſcribed is the Kettle, while the ſmaller ones are the Pans.

Under the cliffs of the ſame headland there is a cavern, termed the Piper's Hole, which extends a long diſtance under ground, and is abſurdly ſaid to communicate with another cave of the ſame title, the entrance to which is in the iſland of Treſco. This legend would make the length of the cavern at leaſt four miles; and the inhabitants of the locality tell you of dogs let in at the one entrance coming out, after a time, at the other with moſt of their hair off, ſo narrow are ſome parts of the cave. So is there a tradition in Scotland of a man getting through a ſimilar cave, but paying the penalty in the loſs of all his ſkin.

Then there is Old Town, formerly the capital, but now a little village, in which the fatigued traveller—if ever a touriſt can manage to get ſpace enough for a tiring excurſion in any of the iſlands—will implore in vain even for a piece of bread and cheeſe. Note the ſmall old church, and a curious monumental tablet erected in memory of Frances Hunkins, 1657. Near this is Carn Leah, a ſingu-

lar pile of rocks on a little promontory. Then amongſt the other curioſities of St. Mary's are the Pulpit Rock, with its huge ſtone ſounding-board; the ſpot in Porthellic Bay where Sir Cloudeſley Shovel was originally buried, and which the ſympathiſing graſs, to this day, generouſly refuſes to obliterate; and, laſtly, the odd angularly ſhaped old fortification, Star Caſtle, bearing a date of 1593, which, with the building itſelf, looks as if it were a modernized reſtoration belonging to the laſt century. One need ſay nothing of Treſco, of its gardens, lake, and ruins, for every touriſt at once ruſhes there and ſees thoſe, if he ſees nothing elſe.

The Scilly Iſles abound in pretty ſea and land views, in fine and groteſque cliff-ſcenery, in lovely bays and ſea-nooks of every imaginable variety; in walks whoſe every turn reveals a new combination of land and water, and in the leſs ſtriking, but not leſs pleaſing, rural inland pictures, where ice-plant covered walls ſurround gardens in which flowers and plants, that would periſh in the other counties of

England, flouriſh luxuriantly. It ſeems ſtrange that a locality poſſeſſing ſo many attractions to the invalid, who requires a warm genial atmoſphere and a placid retirement, ſhould be, comparatively, ſo little viſited by ſtrangers. But as long as the Engliſh public retain their unfortunate tendency to follow the guidance of its ſillieſt claſs—our faſhionable people—ſo long will they furniſh votaries to diſtant countries, ſuch as Egypt, where the violent alternations of temperature ſurrender more than half its patients to certain death; even ſo long alſo will they overlook beautiful ſpots in their own native land, not only far more ſuitable to the invalid, but to all more agreeable, and to ſome more intereſting.

THE END.

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